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Book H 6

SELECT SONGS:



With Original Remarks and Observations.

PHILADELPHIA.

✓
THE
HOUSEHOLD BOOK

OF
Select Songs,

354
1473

WITH NUMEROUS CRITICAL EXPLANATORY OBSERVATIONS

ON THEIR POETICAL BEAUTIES AND THEIR AUTHORS.

What to the spirit more cheering can be,
Than the lay whose lingering notes recall,
The thoughts of the gallant, the fair and the free,
Beloved in life, or deplored in their fall?
Fling, fling the cold forms of art aside!
Dull is the ear these forms enthrall;
Let the simple songs of our sires be tried,
They go the heart—and the heart is all!

Furlong.

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BOOK OF SELECT SONGS.

JOCKIE TO THE FAIR.

TO WILLIAM HAMILTON, of Bangor, a Scottish Poet of the last century, we are indebted for this sprightly and popular lyric. He was of an ancient Ayrshire family; and possessed the advantages of easy circumstances and a liberal education. Being a politician as well as a poet, he attached himself to the unfortunate cause of the *Stuarts*, and produced several Jacobite effusions, among which is the well known ode of "GLADSMUIR." After the battle of Culloden, he became an exile, and died in France, in 1754, in the fiftieth year of his age.

"*Jockie to the Fair*" is a song of much excellence, combining the attractions of pastoral description, dramatic fervor and romantic narrative, with an easy and flowing versification. The air is well adapted to the words, being lively and agreeably modulated, and has, no doubt, contributed to the popularity of the song.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
When Nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare;
Young Jockie with the early dawn,
Arose, and trip't it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung;
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
While flow'ry garlands round him hung,

Which shepherds us'd to wear:

He tapp'd the window, 'Haste my dear',
Jenny, impatient, cried, 'Who's there?'

'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockie to the fair.

Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,

Which I have heard you swear?

And will you ever constant prove?

I will, by all the pow'rs above!

And ne'er deceive my charming dove:

Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,

With Jockie to the fair.

Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,

Will Jenny be my charming bride?

Let Cupid be our happy guide,

And Hymen meet us there.

Then Jockie did his vows renew,

He would be constant, would be true;

His word was pledg'd, away she flew,

O'er cowslips tip't with balmy dew,

With Jockie to the fair.

O'er cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,

Their gay companions blithe and young,

Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
To hail the happy pair ;
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockie to the fair.
When lovely Jenny, &c.

MARY'S DREAM.

This is a song of great tenderness of expression, in both the sentiments and the air. The author was a DR. LOWE, of Kenmore, in Gallowayshire, Scotland. He emigrated in 1773, to Virginia, and became established as a clergyman in Fredericksburgh, where he died in 1798, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to sleep—
Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea ;
When soft and low a voice she heard,
Say—" Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be ;
She saw young Sandie shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow ee ;
" O Mary dear ! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main,

And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
 The storm is past, and I at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me

“Oh maiden dear ! thyself prepare
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.”
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandie could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 “Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !”

TULLOCHGORUM.

SKINNER.

This is one of the cleverest of social songs. It has the rare merit of being jovial without being Bacchanalian. Its sentiments at once animating, vigorous, and just, are eminently calculated to hush the jarrings of political strife, by showing the folly and mischief of indulging in partisan controversies.

The poet Burns says of Tullochgorum : “This first of songs is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Ellon, I think it was in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum was without words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad. These particulars I had from the author's son, bishop Skinner, of Aberdeen.”

Come gie's a sang, the lady cried,
And lay your disputes a' aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide,
 For what's been done before them :
Let whig and tory a' agree,
 Whig and tory, whig and tory,
 Whig and tory a' agree,
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum.
Let whig and tory a' agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me,
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

O! Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him ;
For blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
 Blithe and cheerie, blithe and cherrie,
 Blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
 And make a happy quorum ;
For blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
As lang as we ha' breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be so great a phrase,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys,
 For half a hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf an' dowie, dowf an' dowie,
 Dowf an' dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum ;

They're dowf an' dowie at the best,
Their *allcgros* an' a' the rest,
They canna' please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly folks their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want an' double cess,
An' sullen sots themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum :
Shall we sae soor an' sulky sit,
Soor an' sulky, soor an' sulky,
Shall we sae soor an' sulky sit,
Like auld philosophorum !
Shall we sae soor an' sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To the reel o' Tullochgorum !

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
An' calm an' quiet be his end,
May a' that's gude watch o'er him ;
May peace an' plenty be his lot,
Peace an' plenty peace an' plenty,
Peace an' plenty, be his lot,
An' dainties a great store o' them ;
May peace an' plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious spot,
An' may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum !

But for the discontented fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
An' blackest fiends devour him ;

May dool an' sorrow be his chance,
Dool an' sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool an' sorrow be his chance,
An' nane say, wae's me for him!
May dool an' sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

HOME.

BY DR. M'HENRY,

Author of the Pleasures of "Friendship," "Antediluvians," &c.

AIR, "COOLIN."

THE COOLIN is not only one of the sweetest, but one of the most venerable of Irish airs. In the year 1290, a law was enacted by the parliament of the Pale, the name given to a few counties adjacent to Dublin, over which alone the authority of parliamentary enactments then extended, prohibiting the inhabitants from wearing their hair according to the Milesian costume of long locks flowing down each side of the neck and shoulders, called *coulans*, it being the policy of the Anglo-Norman government to habituate the people under its authority as much as possible, to English manners and customs. A bard at that period, indignant at the innovation, produced the delightful air in question, accompanied by words in which he makes a young girl prefer her lover with his graceful *coulans* of dark hair, to any of the Saxon race with their trim necks and shoulders devoid of such ornaments. The original words have had no English translation, and the verses usually printed to the air are unworthy of it. The following stanzas on a subject universally attractive, are well adapted to it both in measure and sentiment.

H O M E .

Oh! the best spot on earth for delight to be found,
Is at home, where with joy our affection is crown'd;
Where the wife of our bosom still meets us with smiles,
And the mirth of our children each sorrow beguiles.

In the walks of ambition, with power and with fame,
We may shine in full pomp, and establish a name!
But the flower of Content in the soul will not bloom,
Unless it first springs from our comforts at Home.

When disease overtake us, and wealth flies away;
When foes triumph o'er us, and flatterers betray;
Ah! where shall we find the true cordial of life,
But at home—in th' endearments of children and wife!

Whenever my sum of contentment is low,
When a bankrupt in bliss, and embarrass'd with woe,
At home I still find, in the charms that are there,
A fund that o'erpays and discharges my care.

GRAMACHREE.

By Mr. George Ogle.

This is one of the finest pastoral lyrics in any language. Unaffected and simple in its diction, easy and flowing in its versification, in its scenery truly Irish, and in its sentiments breathing the very soul of faithful love, it is no wonder that with the aid of its remarkably sweet air, it should have become a universal favorite. The burthen of each verse,

*Ah! Gramachree, ma coolen oge,
Ma Molly ashtore.*

although in a language unknown to English readers, is, in its very sound, so expressive of endearment, that it seems to require no translation to make known its tender meaning.

The author was a native of the county of Wexford, and a member of parliament, in the reign of George II.—Besides this song, he produced another of almost equal popularity, beginning “Shepherds, I have lost my love!” in which he also celebrates the banks of his favourite Banna.—The name of the heroine of Gramachree, was Mary Moore, whom he afterwards married. Her falsehood, therefore, which he so pathetically deplores, if it ever had any other existence than in the poet’s imagination, must have been but temporary; or we may indulge the pleasing supposition, that it was overcome, and her heart won back by the touching tenderness of the strains which have thus immortalized her charms and her lover’s constancy.

As down on Banna’s banks I stray’d
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, in blithest notes,
 Made vocal every spray;
 They sang their tender tales of love,
 They sang them o’er and o’er;
 Ah! Gramachree, ma Colleen oge,
 Ma Molly Ashtore!

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields,
 The primrose pale, and violet blue,
 Lay scatter’d o’er the fields;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore
 Ah! Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That destined me a slave of love,
 And cruel Molly’s hate.

How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
Sat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me was shewn,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er;
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear!
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
Your love was all I ask'd on earth,
Nay, Heav'n could grant no more;
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
That on yon green pastures fill;
With her love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store;
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone:
Though thou art false, may Heav'n on thee
Its choicest blessings pour!
Ah! Gramachree, &c.

THE ISLE OF GREEN.

DR. M'HENRY.

Air—Gramachree.

When o'er the ocean's stormy scene,
Hard fortune bade me rove,
With tears I left the ISLE OF GREEN,
And all I e'er can love ;
For scenes of joy I'll never find,
Like Erin's fields again,
Nor meet with hearts so true and kind
As Irish breasts contain.

When on the deck I took my stand,
To view, with anxious eye,
The fading tints of that dear land
Where all my fathers lie ;
I sigh'd to think of many a friend,
There long and dearly loved,
Whose prayers for me shall oft ascend,
When I am far removed.

Oh, ye of tender hearts ! declare,
If ye the pang e'er knew,
Which parting friends are doom'd to bear,
How sad their last adieu !
If ye have felt your country sweet,
And must from her depart,
Think ye with aught on earth to meet,
Except a—broken heart !

When Erin's sons are forced to stray
Far from their native shore,
In hours of grief, ah ! well may they
Their cruel fate deplore !

Well may they too, in hours of pride,
Boast that their birth was there,
For ocean rolls his ample tide
Around no land so fair!

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In the year 1800, when travelling in the North of Germany, Mr. Campbell met with several Irishmen exiled from their native country on account of their activity in the Rebellion of 1798. Their unhappiness in a foreign land and the fervent wishes they often expressed for a restoration to the beloved scenes of their youth, inspired the Poet to the production of this noble and patriotic lyric, the sentiments of which are so well adapted to that most patriotic of Irish airs, which no Irishman ever hears without feeling a warmer glow of love for his country awakened in his bosom—Erin go bragh.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when, at twilight, repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

O! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine or danger,
A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah! never again, in the green shady bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And wake the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh!

Oh, Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore:
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;
Alas! cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me?
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked o'er my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend—dearer than all?—
Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the raindrops, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin ma vourneen! Erin go bragh!

EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN.

DR. M'HENRY.

This song is a sequel to the foregoing. It differs from it in being less sentimental, and more narrative and dramatic. It brings the wanderings of the Exile to a happy termination, a mode of winding up a story always acceptable to readers whether of prose or verse.

SONG.—EXILE'S RETURN.

Oe'r the hills of Slieve-Gallen, as homeward he wander'd,

THE EXILE OF ERIN oft paused with delight;

To dear recollections his soul he surrender'd,

As each well-known object returned to his sight:

Here was the brook oft he leap'd so light hearted,

Here was the bower where with love he first smarted,

And here was the old oak where, when he departed,

He carved his last farewell—'twas Erin go bragh.

His heart wild was beating, when softly assail'd him

The sound of a harp—oh! he listen'd with joy!

His quick'ning emotions, his visage reveal'd them,

And the fire of his country beam'd strong from his eye!

A sweet female voice soon the loved strains attended;

'Twas dear to his fond soul that o'er it suspended,

With each note the spirits of feeling ascended,

Sung soft to the accents of Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet numbers,

"Now doom'd far from me and his country to mourn,

Perhaps in the cold bed of death e'en he slumbers—

Ah! my soul, canst thou think he shall ever return?

Yes, he shall—for he lives, and his past woes redressing,

His country shall claim him with smiles and caressing,

And, locked in my arms, he'll pronounce her his blessing—

That country which wrong'd him, his Erin go bragh.

"As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was tender,

And form'd was his bosom for friendship and love;

But called by his country, still swift to defend her,

Undaunted and fierce as the eagle he'd move.

That ardour of passion for me that he pleaded,

By what female breast could it have been unheeded?

The love of his country alone could exceed it,

For still his first wish was for Erin go bragh!

"*This Harp* on whose strings oft he roused each emotion,
Unrivalled the soft tones of feeling to draw,
He left me—the pledge of his heart's true devotion,
And bade me oft strike it to Erin go bragh!
Oft I've dreamed that on *it*, as he sat in this bower,
He touch'd the sad tale of his exile with power;
Each soul-glowing patriot the strains did devour,
Struck full to the magic of Erin go bragh.

"But cease, ye vain dreams! for at morn still I lose him,
And cease, my false hopes! for my griefs must remain."
"No, they must not" he cried; and he rush'd to her bosom;
"Your Exile's returned to his Erin again!
Now fall'n are th' oppressors that sought to destroy me,
Love, friendship, and Erin, shall henceforth employ me."
"'Tis himself!" she exclaimed: Oh! ye Powers! ye
o'erjoy me!
Then blest be my country, blest Erin go bragh!"

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Tune—Old Head of Dennis.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with any biographical notice of the celebrated Irish melodist. He is to Ireland what Burns is to Scotland—her favorite song writer. Yet, in the character of the songs of these authors, there is a considerable difference. Natural and unaffected feeling and directness of expression predominate in the poetry of Burns, while fancy, excitement, and elaborate metaphor, always striking and often beautiful, are the characteristics of that of Moore. Both Poets wrote their songs

to some of the most popular airs of their respective countries, and for musical publications in the enjoyment of celebrity and public favor. This tended to bring their productions into immediate popularity, which their intrinsic merit has enabled them to maintain. Indeed wedded, as many of them are, to some of the sweetest music extant they would seem to be secure of that immortality to which their inherent merit so justly entitles them.

The high poetic beauty of some of the lines of the following verses, is too obvious to require being pointed out. The whole effusion is characteristic of Moore, and is in his best manner.

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And we felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should
cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Air—"Katharine Ogie."

BURNS.

Burns was always successful when his theme was his Highland Mary. The touching tenderness of the following song, particularly of the two last verses, has been felt by thousands, and will never cease to be felt while there is in the human heart, a chord that can vibrate to tones of sorrow, awakened by the memory of those whom death has torn from our fondest hopes and dearest affections.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie :
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there they langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel,
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, Oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !

Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fandly !
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
And mouldering low in silent dust,
The heart that lo'ed me dearly,
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE EN- DEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

T. MOORE.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms
Like fairy gifts fading away !
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will ;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheek unprofan'd by a tear,
That the favour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear !
Oh ! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close ;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose !

LOUDON'S
BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Tannahill.

This is deservedly one of the most popular martial songs in our language. It was written on the departure of the Earl of Moria, shortly after his marriage to the Countess of Loudon, to take command of the British forces, in India. In strains, at once manly and pathetic, it breathes the very soul of patriotic bravery and connubial attachment, and yields a picture of national scenery to the soldier of Britain, when far away on foreign service, which cannot fail to awaken in his bosom, tender and pleasing recollections of the haunts of his youth, and the beloved objects whom he left there in obedience to the call of his country.

Robert Tannahill, the author of this song, was born in Paisley, in 1774. His father was an operative weaver, and our Poet was brought up to the same humble occupation; and as Burns composed some of his most beautiful lyrics while guiding the plough, so Tannahill composed many of his while plying the shuttle. Next to "Loudon's bonnie Woods and Braes," his most popular effusion is the sweet "Jessie o' Dumblain." He, however, wrote many others of much merit, and next to those of Burns, his songs are, at this day, probably the most admired of any Scottish Poet. They are characterised by a delicacy of sentiment, with a correctness yet Doric simplicity of expression, which at once pleases the taste and satisfies the judgment of all lovers of rural poetry.

Tannahill died in 1810, it is said, from some bookselling repulses in relation to his works, operating too strongly upon a nervous frame, and a mind too sensibly alive to the enjoyment of poetic reputation.

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a', lassie,
Wha can thole when Britains's faes
Would gie Britons law, lassie?

Wha would shun the field o' danger ?
Wha to fame would be a stranger ?
And when freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie ?
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes
When I am far awa, lassie.

Hark ! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie ;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the wearie moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
When vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa' frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
O suppress thy fears, lassie,
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie ;
Heav'n will shield thy faithfu' lover,
Till the vengfu' strife be over ;
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie ;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
We'll spend our peacefu' happy days,
As blithesome as the lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

JESSIE O' DUMBLAINE.

Tannahill.

The sun had gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 When lanely I strayed in the calm summer gloamin,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblaine.
 Oh, sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom !
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green ;
 But sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblaine.

She's modest as onie, and blithe as she's bonnie,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblaine.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 'Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming youug Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblaine.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seem'd heartless and vain ;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblaine.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblaine.

 "OFT AS BY FAIR OHIO'S SIDE."
Air—"When bidden to the Wake or Fair."

DR. M'HENRY.

Oft as by fair OHIO's side,
 I court the solitary scene

Of hoary forests spreading wide,
Or prairies waving fresh and green,
From musing on the evening ray
That gilds the glittering landscape o'er,
On Fancy's wings I fly away
To Erin's sea-encircled shore.

There, on the primrose-cover'd vale,
By natal Inver's hallow'd stream,
Once more I breathe the scented gale
That oft refresh'd my childhood's dream ;
And sweet, in many a tuneful lay,
I hear the warblers of the grove,
Where once, as blithe in song as they,
I pour'd the rural strains of love.

In that fair hawthorn-skirted plain,
Where youthful pleasures first I knew,
I meet my long-lost friends again,
For ever loved, for ever true !
And, oh ! while rapture uncontroll'd
Bright glistens in their ardent eyes,
I to my glowing breast enfold
The partners of my early joys !

Fair visions of celestial hue,
Oh ! still possess with kindly spell,
This aching heart, which, but for you,
Might bid all earthly joys farewell !
From warm affection's source divine,
Your ever-blissful charms arise ;—
Oh ! let that throb be ever mine,
Your rapture-giving smile supplies.

CALEDONIA.

Air—"Humours of Glen."

BURNS.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom;
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave,
The sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds o'er his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

OH! NO WE NEVER MENTION HER.

T. H. BAILEY.

Mr. Bailey has been one of the most successful of our latter song writers. The following is among his best compositions, excelling in that tenderness of sentiment, easiness of diction, and melody of verse, characteristic of his poetry.

O, no, we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see,
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.

'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met;
I do not see the hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget.

For O! there are so many things
Recall the past to me:
The breeze upon the sunny hills,
The billows of the sea,

The rosy tint that decks the sky,
Before the sun is set,
Ay, every leaf I look upon,
Forbids me to forget.

'They tell me, she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets her vow;
I heed not what they say.

Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret,
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget.

THE BUCKET.

WOODWORTH.

Samuel Woodworth, an amiable man, and a clever poet, has long been a printer in New York. The song here reprinted is deservedly one of the most popular as yet produced by the American muse. It is unique in its subject, and its sentiments and descriptions are so true to nature and American rural life and scenery, that it is no wonder it should be a favourite.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield;
How ardent I siezed it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 And fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

THE MINIATURE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Mr. Morris, the worthy leader of the present race of New York *Belles Lettres* writers, is famous as a song writer. The following is a sweet, connubial morceau, and terminates with that species of agreeable epigrammatic point in which the writers of English song in the days of Elizabeth and the two first Stuarts, delighted to indulge.

William was holding in his hand
 The likeness of his wife :
 'Twas drawn by some enchanter's wand—
 It look'd—it smiled—like life !
 He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
 Upon the painting still,
 And was delighted and amazed
 To view the artist's skill.

“This picture is *thyself*, sweet Jane—
 'Tis drawn to nature true ;
 I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
 It is so much like you !”
 “And has it kissed you back, my dear ?”
 “Why—no, my love,” said he ;
 “Then, William, it is very clear
 'Tis not at all *like me*.”

THE IRISHMAN.

JAMES ORR.

This beautiful song has been absurdly ascribed to General Washington, for what reason it is difficult to imagine. Poor Orr, the rustic but patriotic bard of Ballycarry, when weaving his unpolished but energetic strains along the shores of Larne Lough, or amidst the groves of Broad Island, little dreamed that any of them should ever, through the caprice of editorial ignorance, be so highly honoured as to be thought worthy of having proceeded from the mind of the illustrious man, who led the revolutionary armies of America to victory, and secured the independence and liberty of his country.

Another error has crept into print in relation to our rustic bard. It has been stated that he was brother to William Orr, who suffered death in 1797 at Carrickfergus, in the cause of the United Irishmen. The poet was in no degree related to the victim, although his muse was long actively employed in promoting the cause for which William Orr died. Many of the most exciting insurrectionary songs and ballads of the times of the United Irishmen, were the productions of his pen. He died about the year 1816; and the respect in which he was held by the people of the vicinity in which he passed his humble life, has been testified by a beautiful monument which they have erected to his memory in the churchyard of Templecoran, near Ballycarry.

Shortly after his death a number of his best poems and songs were collected in a volume, and published in Belfast; but they never made that impression on the reading public which might have been expected from their merits.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle which nature formed so fair!
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon bold or pastoral Bann;
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide,
None more regrets a deed of harm
And none forgives with nobler pride:
He may be duped, but won't be dared;
More fit to practise than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If poor and strange, for you he'll pay,
Or guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, long as you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His very soul he will unlock,
And if he should your secrets scan,
Your confidence he'll scorn to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
No threats or bribes can e'er prevail
To win him from the path that's true.
He seeks not safety, be his post
Where'er it may in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It wont be by an Irishman.

Erin—loved land!—from age to age
Be thou more prosperous, famed, and free;
May peace be yours, or should you wage
The wars of justice—victory.
May plenty flow in every field,
Which gentle breezes sweetly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The breast of every Irishman.

ELLEN'S PLACE OF REST.

BY DR. M. HENRY.

Air—Roslin Castle.

How oft my wandering fancy flies
To that green spot where Ellen lies;
Where bending shamrocks meekly spread,
And cowslips deck her lowly bed,
Where the tall elm its shadow throws
To mark the place of her repose,
And guide me, as with pensive breast,
I seek her hallow'd place of rest.

Oh, Ellen, thou wert once to me
My life-pulse—my idolatory !
Thou wert the star whose beauteous rays
Shed sweetness o'er my happiest days ;
Thou mad'st me feel that there was bliss
Ev'n in a heartless world like this ;
Well may I love, with pensive breast,
To seek thy hallow'd place of rest !

Oh ! there are thoughts that can impart
Enjoyment to the loneliest heart ;
The thoughts of those whom long we loved,
By distance or by death removed.
And thou, fair saint, in heaven dost know
How well I loved thee here below,
And how I long, with anxious breast,
To gain, like thee, a place of rest.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.*Air—Loch Erroch Side.*

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie, wi' a braw new gown,
Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd wi' morning shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower,
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I praised her beauty loud and lang,
Then round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, "My lassie, will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?"
I'll take you to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread;
She wisper'd modestly, and said,
"I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie."
The auld folk soon gave their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

THEY PLACED HER HAND IN HIS.

They placed her hand in his,
And bade her love him well:
They heeded not the bitter tears
That down her pale cheek fell.

Her mother blam'd her childish grief,
Her father frown'd with pride,
Her lips were mute before their choice,
And she became his bride.

Her brow was wreath'd with flow'rs,
Bright gems were in her hair,
But in her young and perjur'd breast,
A dreary void was there :
She thought of him on foreign strand,
More dear than all beside,
And wept to think that she should live
To be a stranger's bride.

She dare not love him now,
Her pride and pleasure once,
Doom'd in the sacred name of wife,
The lover to renounce.
There rests a stain upon her heart,
A stain she cannot hide,
Alas! that ever she should live
To be a stranger's bride.

ISAWHERONTHEVESSEL'SDECK.

T. H. BAYLY.

I saw her on the vessel's deck,
A young and blooming bride,
Her heart's first love, her wedded love,
Was standing by her side,
And gazing on the friends of youth,
Perchance her eyes were dim,
But smiling through her tears, she said,
I'll give up all for him.

Oh, long have those two beings loved,
Exchanging vows of truth ;
How sad it is when sorrow stains
The happy page of youth ?
When fortune smiled her promised store
Lay in a foreign land,
But danger had no fear for them,
Encountered hand in hand.

Again she sought her native shore,
Ere two brief years were gone,
Her gentle hand no pressure felt,
She paced the deck alone :
To weep upon a mother's breast
Again she crossed the wave,
But, self-reproof in secret mourns
Desertion of his grave.

MY LAD'S A BRAW & BONNY LAD.

My lad's a braw and bonnie lad,
Good-tempered, kind, and free ;
And, day and night, the bonny boy
Is ever wooing me :
For, though they say we sha'na wed,
And mak a meikle din,
Still Jamie fondly whispers me,
"Hoot! dinna care a pin !
For we will gang to kirk, my love,
We'll gang to kirk awa'."

My feyther's grown a crabbit man,
And baits us with his tongue,

My mither too, who joins wi' him,
 Forgets when she was young ;
 But let them scold, and let them frown,
 And mak' a meikle din,
 Still Jamie fondly whispers me,
 " Hoot ! dinna care a pin !
 For we will gang to kirk," &c.

My granny's kind, and tak's our part
 Whene'er we are not by,
 And Jamie's hopes are joined to mine,
 To pray she may not die ;
 For, while we ha'e a friend in her,
 We fear na meikle din,
 Still Jamie fondly whispers me,
 " Hoot ! dinna care a pin !
 For we will gang to kirk."

YOU SEE, SIR, I'M IN HASTE.

The following lively song affords one of the most agreeable pictures of a rustic coquet to be found in poetry. The air is of equal sprightliness with the words. Conjointly, they have long been, and will continue long to be, in high favour with the lovers of English song.

Across the fields the other morn,
 I tripp'd so blythe and gay,
 The squire himself, with dog and gun,
 Perchance came by that way :
 " Whither so fast, sweet maid ?" he cried,
 And caught me round the waist ;
 " Pray, stop a while,"—" Dear sir," said I,
 " I can't, for I'm in haste."

"You must not go as yet," cried he,
"For I have much to say;
"Come, sit you down, and let us chat
"Upon this new mown hay:
"I've loved you long, and oft have wish'd
"Those ruby lips to taste;
"I'll have a kiss,"—"Well then," said I,
"Be quick, for I'm in haste."

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge
Come thro' a neighb'ring gate;
He caught my hand, and cry'd "Dear girl,
"I fear I've made you wait;
"But here's the ring, come, let's to church,
"The joys of love to taste,"
I left the squire, and laughing, cry'd,
"You see, sir, I'm in haste."

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

BEN. JONSON.

The poetic beauties of this excellent song are too obvious to require to be specified. It has been popular for more than two centuries, and will never cease to be appreciated as one of the choicest gems of English poetry.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll look not for wine:
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it in hope that there
It would not whither'd be :
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.

SLEEP ON, SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR.

O'KEEFE.

The plaintive earnestness and affectionate tenderness of the following lines have been seldom equalled. They are the soft whisperings of a guardian spirit into the ear of a sleeping beauty. The air is divinely sweet and softly pensive, breathing the whole soul of devoted love, and is, if possible, more exquisitely touching than even the poetry.

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast !
Thou little know'st thy true love's here,
Deprived of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are not for me ;
While others sleep, poor Dermot wakes
To nought but love and thee.

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

O'KEEFE.

This well known song expresses so agreeably and naturally the sentiments of a modern Anacreontic philosopher, that it must for ever be a favourite with the companionable

and warm-hearted. It is extremely characteristic of its author, who was a negligent, off-handed writer, but often a most vigorous and effective one, and unsurpassed in the knack of catching the popular fancy. His songs in the Poor Soldier are to this day among the most attractive produced on the stage.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Is still desirous to grow richer;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher,
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer,
Give me but these, a fig for care,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I wonder what can thus bewitch her,
With all my heart I can be poor
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

RICHMOND HILL.

The characteristics of this song are simplicity and ease. It is a great favourite in England. It is said to have been written on an attachment formed by Henry, Prince of Wales, the son of James I., for the beautiful daughter of an innkeeper at Richmond, near London.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass;
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy must that shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me—
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

This lass so neat, &c.

FOR LACK OF GOLD SHE LEFT ME.

This song laments a real occurrence resembling too many that have taken place in the annals of love. Dr. Austin of Edinburgh had his addresses encouraged by a lady of that city, who having afterwards captivated the Duke of Athol, married his Grace. The doctor poured forth his feelings of disappointed affection in these pathetic verses, which will long keep alive the memory of the lady's inconstancy.

For lack of gold she left me, oh,
And of all that's dear bereft me, oh;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless care has left me, oh.

A star and garter has more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part,
And for glittering show she's left me, oh.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jenny, she has left me, oh,
Ye powers above I to your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choicest blessings with her share,
Tho' she's for ever left me, oh.

I HAVE NO JOY BUT MOURNING.

DR. M'HENRY.

Air—"The Girl I left behind me."

They tell me that I grieve in vain,
Alas! too well I know it;
But ah! the charm that soothes my pain,
Grief only can bestow it.
The bliss which early love supplied,
To memory still returning,
That bliss, alas! with Ellen died:
I have no joy but mourning.

Her beauty brightened life to me,
The rays of gladness throwing
Round all that to my heart would be
Endearing, fond, or glowing;

But gone the light which beauty gave,
My days of bliss adorning ;
And love lies low in Ellen's grave :
I have no joy but mourning.

And grief is not more vain than mirth,
Since neither can restore her ;
Then as I loved her while on earth,
In death I will deplore her :
With tears I'll soothe the anguish deep
Within my bosom burning ;
'Tis sad but sweet for her to weep :
I have no joy but mourning.

THE HAUNTS OF LARNE.

BY M'HENRY.

Oft as I think of other days
When, with a blithe, light heart, I roved
Those haunts which lovely Larne surveys,
Where first I felt and first I loved ;
What sorrows pierce my bosom's core
Since I must sigh farewell to joy !
Ah ! lovely Larne ! shall I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more ?

By Curran's shore I've often strayed,
And scenes of purest rapture knew,
When there I met the sweetest maid
That ever blest a lover's view :
But ah ! those blissful scenes are o'er,
And I must sigh farewell to joy !
Ah ! lovely Larne ! shall I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more ?

By Inver's banks so green and gay,
I've joined each little warbler's song,
And tuned to love the rural lay,
The fragrant hawthorn shades among :
Fate ne'er can scenes like these restore,
And I must sigh farewell to joy !
Ah ! lovely Larne ! shall I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more ?

Cease, memory, cease ! it gives me pain
Such recollections dear to wake ;
Yet I will think them o'er again
Although my tortur'd heart should break.
Yes, still I'll think and still deplore
How I must sigh farewell to joy !
Ah ! lovely Larne ! shall I ne'er see, ne'er see thee more ?

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

The name of the author of the following lively and humorous stanzas is unknown to the compiler of this volume. But the ingenious turn of the thoughts, and the pleasant mingling of gaiety and tenderness which they exhibit, will amply justify their insertion here.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
To young maiden shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me ;
These secrets between you, and me, and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you,
A male apparition—the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet in the pale moon-light,
He'll kneel with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite,
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes,
To settle ere morning between them.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

JOHN GAY.

This is deservedly one of the most popular of British sea songs. It has done more to establish and perpetuate the fame of its author than all his other works (which are numerous, and include the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*) put together. The incidents are natural and beautifully expressed. Every reader must feel the charming poetry and sentiment of the third stanza. If

“The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet,”

so might the greatest poet in British literature, envy Gay the authorship of this noble ballad.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind,
They tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white,
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
'Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay on board—
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her lilly hand.

ADIEU! ADIEU! MY ONLY LIFE.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

We have here, by the celebrated minstrel of the British navy, a military song—a soldier's adieu, worthy of companionship with the sailor's adieu of Gay, which we have just given.

“Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee!”

is an exclamation of affectionate manliness, which has made its way to the hearts of thousands, and enables them to bear, with resignation, the pangs and fears of separation.

Adieu! adieu! my only life!
My honor calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee.
What though by duty I am called
Where thundering cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appalled,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou putt'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving.
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assured when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred god inspired thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee.
I go assured, my life, adieu!
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalks in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above, &c.

WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING.

LORD BYRON.

We'll go no more a-roving so late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving, and the moon be still
 as bright,

We'll go no more a-roving so late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving, and the moon be still
 as bright,

For the sword out-wears the sheath, and the soul wears
 out the breast,

And the heart must pause to breathe, and love itself have
 rest.

So we'll go no more a-roving, &c.

Though the night was made for loving, and the day returns
 too soon,

Yet we'll go no more a-roving by the light of the moon ;

We'll go no more a-roving so late into the night,

Though the heart be still as loving, and the moon be still
 as bright.

Though the heart, &c.

**AH! WHAT WOES 'TIS MINE TO
BEAR.**

Translated from the Irish of Edmond Ryan,

BY MISS BROOKES,

Author of "Relics of Ancient Irish Poetry."

Edmond Ryan was an officer in the Irish army of James II., who participated largely in the misfortunes of the adherents of that monarch. Besides his estate, he lost the hand of a lady to whom he had been engaged, and was warmly attached. Desperation drove him to become the leader of a band of rapparees, in which capacity, however, he never molested the poor or defenceless of either political

party. He was the author of many lyrics, written in the Irish language, and characterized by great tenderness of sentiment. This quality Miss Brookes has successfully preserved in the translation here given of an effusion, sweetly plaintive, in lamentation of the loss of his plighted love.

Ah ! what woes 'tis mine to bear !

Life's fair morn with clouds o'er casting,
Doom'd the victim of despair,
Youth's gay bloom pale sorrow blasting.

Sad, the bird that sings alone,
Flies to wilds unseen to languish,
Pours unheard the ceaseless moan,
And wastes on desert air its anguish.

Mine, oh, hapless bird ! thy fate !
The plundered nest—the lonely sorrow—
The lost, the loved, harmonious mate !—
The wailing night—the cheerless morrow

Oh ! thou dear hoard of treasured love,
Though these fond arms should not possess thee,
Still, still my heart its faith shall prove,
And its last sigh shall breathe to bless thee !

I WOULD THAT I WERE A VOICELESS SIGH.

From the Irish of

TURLOGH O'BRIAN,
A Chieftain of the reign of Elizabeth.

I would that I were
A voiceless sigh,
Floating through air,
And thou wert nigh,
Unperceived, I would steal o'er thy cheek of down,
And kiss thy soft lips unchecked by a frown.

I would that I were
A dying tone,
To dwell in thine ear
Tho' the music were gone,
I would charm thy heart with my latest breath,
And yield thee pleasure ev'n in my death !

I would I might pass
From this living tomb,
Into the violet's
Sweet perfume,
On the wings of the morning to thee I would fly,
And mingle my soul with thy sweeter sigh.

My heart is bound
With a viewless chain;
I see no wound,
But I feel its pain.
O ! break my soul's prison and set me free :
For this life, though sweet, has no charms for me.

Yet there is a charm
Thy smile can give,
My griefs to disarm,
And bid me live.
For ev'n in life's prison I'll fondly dwell,
If thou wilt live with me and hallow my cell.

FOR MAIDS WITH GOLD WHEN YOUNG MEN SIGH.

M ' H E N R Y .

AIR—" *The Lass of Richmond Hill.*"

For maids with gold when young men sigh,
And tell them they are fair,
Protesting passion vehemently,
Then let those maids beware ;

For gold o'er hearts has often swayed
Where beauty's power has fail'd,
And many a sweet, confiding maid
Has treacherous vows bewail'd.

Then thy young heart, oh Ellen, guard
Against the sons of pelf;
Be it on one alone conferred
Who loves thee for thyself.
When thou that faithful one shalt know
By proofs that make him sure,
Thy whole heart's love on him bestow,
Let him be rich or poor.

THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE IS LOVE.

This pleasing song has been long enough popular to be fairly entitled to rank as one of the classic lyrics of the language. Its very title has become an axiom of rural contentment and conjugal affection.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride
That fortune can never abate,
To wealth and to splendour tho' often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await.
That blessing, ye powers! O be it my lot,
The choicest, best gift from above!
Deep fixed in my heart, shall be never forgot,
The wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine?
By poverty never distressed;
Exulting, I felt what a treasure was mine,
A treasure enshrined in the breast.

That blessing, ye powers! O be it my lot,
The choicest, best gift from above!
Deep fixed in my heart, shall be never forgot,
The wealth of the cottage is love.

THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

This fine song affords an agreeable picture of cheerful old age, and is as capable of instilling feelings of contentment, with the peaceful enjoyment of a moderate share of the gifts of fortune, when seasoned with friendship, into the minds of those advanced towards the end of their mortal pilgrimage, as the foregoing is of rendering those entering on its active scenes, satisfied with the possession of humble competence when seasoned by love.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carrol away idle sorrow;
And blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill.
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow ;
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again ;
But my face in a glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

KATE KEARNEY.

This sprightly song is the production of the well known Lady Morgan. Its ease and gracefulness have rendered it so popular, that there is little doubt of it surviving all the other productions, numerous and voluminous as they are, of its celebrated author.

O have you not heard of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the banks of Killarney ;
From the glance of her eye
Shun danger, and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

Her eye is so modestly beaming,
You'll ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming ;

Yet O I can tell
How fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Then should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile,
For many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

She looks so bewitchingly simple,
O, there's mischief in every dimple ;
But her breath's spicy gale
Whoe'er dares inhale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

THE LEGACY.

THOMAS MOORE.

The pleasing singularity of thought and depth of feeling which mingle in this song, have rendered it one of the most favourite of Moore's compositions. Moore observes, in a note to the song, that "It was a custom amongst the ancient Irish, to have 'in every house one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.'"

When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;
Tell her it lived upon smiles, and wine
Of the brightest hue while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and bright,
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at some friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call:
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note as he wanders along,
 Oh! let one thought of its master awaken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revels when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh! never, its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
 But when some warm devoted lover,
 To her he adores, shall bathe its brim,
 Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

LOVE & RESIGNATION.

AIR—" *And dost thou ask what secret wo?"*

Every reader of sensibility will appreciate the plaintive fortitude and affectionate resignation which pervade the following simple, but truly poetic, stanzas.

Oh! then in friendship let us part
 Since thou'rt so anxious to be free;
 And I will give thee back thy heart,
 If thou wilt give mine back to me.

We've spent some happy hours together;
 But joy will often change its wing
 And spring would seem but weary weather,
 If we had nothing else but spring.

So let us leave this bower of love,
Where we have loitered long in bliss,
And you may down that pathway rove,
While lonely I will stray through this.

Your heart has suffered little harm,
In your short fever of desire,
You have not lost one single charm,
Nor I one spark of love's first fire.

My kisses have not stained the rose,
Which nature planted on your lip,
The nectar of that lip still flows,
For one more blest than I to sip.

Farewell! and when your new found love
Shall claim that heart I must resign,
And that endearing fondness prove,
I thought would be for ever mine;

Farewell! and when that happy fair
Shall strain my wanderer to her breast,
I'll silent try my fate to bear,
Nor murmur that she is so blest.

OH! THE DAYS ARE LONG PAST SINCE THE MUSIC
OF ERIN.

DR. M' HENRY.

AIR—"Kitty Tyrrel."

Oh! the days are long past since the music of Erin
Delighted her sons in the mansions of kings;
Since her chiefs, in the joys of the festive board sharing,
Were roused by the magic that flow'd from the strings!

Oh ! 'tis long since the patriot heart was affected,
By strains that the deeds of our forefathers told ;
And long since the bard and the harp were respected
By Irishmen, free, independent, and bold !

Our island long flourish'd the pride of the ocean,
As the olive of Europe she bloom'd in the west ;
And learning, when chased by war's barb'rous commotion,
In her shamrock-clad vales found protection and rest.
Our bards then with rapture oft sang of her glory,
While the harp sweetly sounding accompanied the
strain ;
Each patriot heart, filled with antiquity's story,
Felt the warm pulse of gratitude throb in each vein !

But despised by the stranger, who felt not his numbers,
The bard is now sunk in obscurity's vale ;
And the harp, quite neglected, in deep silence slumbers,
Except when awaken'd to sorrow's sad tale :
But there is an ardour and strength in the spirit
Of Irishmen yet, that shall bid them arise ;
And the day brightly dawns when the bard shall inherit
The praise of his country—his dearest of joys !

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

BURNS.

O my love is like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
O my love is like the melody,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
Oh! I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
But fare-thee-weel, my only love,
And fare-thee-weel awhile;
And I will come again my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

BURNS.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A popular Irish Ballad,

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,—

And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me."
Her beads while she number'd, her baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child's sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me,—
And say, Thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."
The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

EARLY SCENES.

DR. M'HENRY.

TUNE—"The Lee Rigg."

That spot, of all the spacious earth,
Is sweetest to the feeling mind,
Where first affection had its birth,
And early ties the heart entwined:

For there the youthful fancy strayed
Mid raptured scenes without alloy,
And there th' impression strong was made
Of ne'er to be forgotten joy.

Is there a season fraught with bliss,
That can attach us here below ?
The joyous dawn of life is this,
When love's first fires begin to glow ;
For then, if ills or fears invade,
The lightsome spirits bid them fly,
And then th' impression strong is made
Of ne'er to be forgotten joy.

In manhood's prime, when cares assail,
As fame or fortune we pursue,
How oft our darling prospects fail,
While distant good but mocks the view !
Oh ! then, the cheerless heart to aid,
Remembrance of those days employ,
When first th' impression strong was made
Of ne'er to be forgotten joy !

And in the vale of hoary years,
When scarce a pulse the breast can warm,
And not a beauteous spot appears
The dull remains of life to charm,—
'Then be young scenes again pourtray'd
And bright shall beam the languid eye,
As when th' impression first was made
Of ne'er to be forgotten joy !

THOUGH BACCHUS MAY BOAST.

Captain Morres, the author of this excellent song, was one of those choice spirits, whose wit, talents, and conviviality rendered the society of the Irish metropolis so attractive during that latter part of the last century, when it was adorned by a race of men almost unparalleled for intellectual vigour and social accomplishments, as the mention of but a few of their names will be sufficient to shew:—Grattan, Curran, Flood, M'Nally, Lysaght, Yelverton, Foster, Egan, &c. &c.

Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And his vot'ries in thought-drowning revels delight,
 Such worship, alas! hath no charm for the soul,
 When softer devotions the senses unite:
 To the arrow of fate or the canker of care,
 His potions oblivious some balm may bestow,
 But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of reflection's the birthtime of wo.

Each change and excess hath through life been my doom,
 And well can I judge of its joy and its strife;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,
 But love is the sunshine that gladdens our life.
 What soul that's possessed of a ray so divine
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
 For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread to my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul,
 And shed o'er my senses the dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl:—
 Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er from a banquet so blissful remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine
 That is mellowed by friendship, and sweetened by love.

EILEEN A ROON.

O'DALY.

Handel is said to have been so delighted with the sweet air of Eileen a Roon, that he declared he would rather be the author of it than of the finest of his own compositions. Its author, Carol O'Daly, was an accomplished gentleman of Connaught, who particularly excelled in poetry and music. He became enamoured of Eileen, the daughter of a chieftain named Cavenagh. She returned his affections: but her friends wishing her to marry another suitor, took advantage of O'Daly's absence, on some business, which detained him long beyond the period of his expected return, to persuade her that he had married another lady, and at length prevailed on her to consent to marry O'Daly's rival. The very day before that fixed for the nuptials, O'Daly returned. He retired in grief to a lonely spot on the sea shore, and composed to a very affecting lyric, in the Irish language, the beautiful air now in question. Disguised as a harper, he found means to approach his beloved among the numerous visitors to the wedding. He was requested by Eileen herself to play. "It was then," says the narrator, "that, touching his harp with the pathetic sensibility, which the interesting occasion required, he infused his fervid feelings into the song he had composed, and poured forth the very soul of pensive melody."

The following translation of this ancient song conveys but a feeble idea, as, indeed, must be the case with every English translation, of its poetic power and tenderness. But it will impart some notion of a composition which succeeded in winning for its author his nearly lost mistress—for recognising him during his performance, she contrived to elude the vigilance of her friends, and going off with O'Daly, that very night became his bride.

It is from this song that the famous phrase, "*Ceat mille faile,*" or "A hundred thousand welcomes," so expressive of Irish hospitality, was taken; for, on perceiving by Eileen's countenance, that her heart was still his, the minstrel's joy burst forth in the extatic strains of the last stanza, "A hundred thousand welcomes," &c.

Again do I behold thee,
Eileen a Roon :

False was the tale they told thee,
Eileen a Roon.

My bosom beats for thee ;
My eyes none else can see ;
Thou'rt all the world to me,
Eileen a Roon !

Thou art my heart's whole treasure,
Eileen a Roon !
Of all my hopes the measure,
Eileen a Roon.

Ah, me ! inconstant fair !
Wilt thou that bride's-oath swear,
That dooms me to despair,
Eileen a Roon ?

Thy true love's here to claim thee,
Eileen a Roon ;
Fly, fly ! there's none shall blame thee,
Eileen a Roon :

I know thou wilt comply—
I see it in thine eye,
And in that smile of joy,
Eileen a Roon.

A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Roon ;
A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Roon.

My griefs and fears are o'er ;
My steed is at the door ;
Thou'rt mine for evermore,
Eileen a Roon.

THE DRUM.

SCOTT OF AMWELL.

AIR—"The Shepherd whistles on his way."

The vigour and poetic spirit of the following stanzas have been seldom equalled. They are in fine contrast with the odes and songs inciting to military adventure, which, to the great injury of mankind, have, in every language, been too abundant and influential.

I hate the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures them from their native fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march and die in foreign lands!

I hate the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the list of human woes.

AS LATE I STOOD BESIDE HER
GRAVE.

DR. M'HENRY.

AIR—"The Birks of Invermay."

The subject of the following stanzas possessed every charm that the heart of man could wish. She was, in

truth, lovely and beloved. Her grave is in the church-yard of Larne, in Ireland. The stanzas portray the feelings experienced on visiting it in the summer of 1839, thirteen years after her death, an interval which the author had spent in a distant land.

As late I stood beside her grave,
A thrill of memory o'er me came ;
I thought of charms the first that gave
Enraptured feelings to my frame.
That beauteous form, those features sweet
Which o'er my young affections swayed,
Now mouldering underneath my feet,
Were hers, my loved and lovely maid.

Distinct that cherished form I saw,
As when it bloomed in youthful grace ;
I longed to clasp, but conscious awe
Withheld me from the wished embrace.
Those raven locks, those dark eyes bright,
Those ruby lips in smiles arrayed,
Restored to my exulting sight,
My ever loved and lovely maid !

I spoke one word, that word was " love,"
The vision vanished into air ;
To stay its flight I vainly strove ;
I stood a lonely mourner there !
I turned me round, and nought but sad
Memorials of the dead survey'd ;
The swelling turf, with green grass clad,
Concealed my loved and lovely maid.

THE WHITE ROSE OF MEATH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

To an old Irish Air.

The authoress of the following beautiful verses is an Irish lady, rapidly rising into estimation as a song-writer. With feelings of laudable partiality to her native land, she draws, almost invariably, the subjects of her effusions from the abundant poetic stores furnished by Irish history, scenery, and feelings.

The heroine of the following is of historical repute as one of the most beautiful women of her time, and is yet traditionally remembered by the appellation applied to her in her lifetime, of "The White Rose of Meath." She was the daughter of the Earl of Meath, and the wife of Sir Henry O'Neil of Shanes Castle, Upper Clandeboys, in the county of Antrim.

She came like a sunbeam, she glided along,
She was all that a poet could weave into song;
The step of her beauty was joyous and free,
She was more than wild fancy had pictured to me;
And as blue in its tint as the flower of the heath
Shone the eye of young Ellen, "The white rose of Meath."

But 'tis not the brightness that beams from her brow,
Nor the shadowy curls that repose on its snow,
Nor the charm of the cheek with its delicate flush,
Nor the fairy mouth glowing with morn's early blush,
Nor her bright eye as blue as the flower of the heath,
Makes me sigh for young Ellen, "The white rose of Meath."

'Tis the soul of affection, the goodness, the grace,
That play like soft moonlight all over the face,
That hasten the days of young passion to me,
More sweet to my soul than the flower to the bee;
O, there's not such a gem in all Erin's bright wreath,
As my lovely young Ellen, "The white rose of Meath."

THE BRAES O' YARROW.

John Logan, the author of this pathetic ballad, was a clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland. He was born in 1747, and died 1788. He wrote a number of excellent hymns in the Scotch dialect, and a tragedy, called Runemed, besides a number of sermons, indicating fine talents for such composition.

Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream !

When first on them I met my lover :

Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !

When now thy waves his body cover !

For ever now, O, Yarrow stream !

Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;

For never on thy banks shall I

Behold my love, the flow'r of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,

To bear me to his father's bow'rs ;

He promised me a little page,

To squire me to his father's tow'rs ;

He promised me a wedding ring,—

The wedding day was fixed to-morrow ;

But now he's wedded to his grave,

Alas ! his watery grave of Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met,

My passion I as freely told him !

Clasp'd in my arms, I little thought

That I should never more behold him !

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;

It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;

Thrice did the water wraith ascend,

And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walked
The green-wood path to meet her brother ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The style of this excellent ballad is highly characteristic of its celebrated author. The gallantry of the Young Lochinvar, and the gracefulness of the fair Helen, are

painted in the vivid colors which could alone come from the pencil of the author of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake."

O! Young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Midst bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all.
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar ?"

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup ;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye ;
 He took her fair hand, ere her mother could bar—
 “Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, ’twere better by far,
 To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch of her hand, and one word in her ear,
 They reached the hall door, and the charger stood near ;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 She is won ! they are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 “They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Loch-
 invar.

There was mooring ’mong Graemes of the Netherby
 “clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

ELLEN MA VOURNEEN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Mrs. Hall is one of the best female writers of the day, whether in prose or verse. The following song is exceedingly sweet, and possesses that earnestness and ease of

thought, with clearness and simplicity of expression, which are the peculiar charms of song writing, and form their surest claim to popularity.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe,
The heart he has won he would wish to deceive?
For ever and always his sweet words to me
Are, Ellen ma vourneen, a cushla machree.

Last night when we parted, his gentle good-bye,
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
Were Ellen ma vourneen, a cushla machree.

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth,
O, still the same sweet words he whispers to me
Are, Ellen ma vourneen, a cushla machree.

O, when will the day come, the blest, happy day,
When a maiden can hear all her lover can say?
And he speaks out the words he now whispers to me,
My Ellen ma vourneen, a cushla machree.

THE MAID OF TOBERGELL.

DR. M'HENRY.

TUNE—"The Blackbird."

On Ballygally's summits wild
The slowly setting sun deplay'd,
The dewy lips of evening smiled,
In nature's vernal charms array'd:

Soft fragrance scented every shade,
From every tree soft music fell,
While zephyrs wanton'd o'er the mead,
Fraught with the sweets of Tobergell.

As musing here I chanced to stray,
A lovely maiden caught my view,
To whom creation seem'd to say—
All these my beauties are for you !
The fragrant gale, the pearly dew,
The wild-bird notes with love that swell,
Each night their offerings here renew,
To you, sweet maid of Tobergell.

She slowly trod the flowery lea,
Soft, modest beauty in her mein ;
Oh ! who could stand unmoved to see
So fair a nymph, and fair a scene ?
My quickening pulse and rapture keen,
Confess'd the charms that did impel
My very soul to tread the green,
With the sweet maid of Tobergell.

Not in the palace of the great,
The diamond blaze of labouring art,
Must we expect the happy seat
Of scenes whose beauties reach the heart :
But feelings pure spontaneous start,
That raise the soul with mystic spell,
To taste what nature's sweets impart
In scenes like these at Tobergell.

Give me a home 'midst bowers like these,
With such a maid as this to gain,

And health, and just enough of ease,
Sometimes to weave the rural strain :
Then bustling pomp, and grandeur vain,
Away ! with me ye ne'er shall dwell,
For happy here I'll still remain
With the sweet girl of Tobergell !

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

PRIOR.

The renowned Kitty, the heroine of the following sprightly ballad, which is in Prior's best style of morceau writing, was the beautiful Duchess of Queensberry. The verses made a great noise when first published, and are still looked upon as one of the happiest specimens of gay complimentary verse, afforded by our language.

Fair Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd :
Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordained ;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned.

Must lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?
What has she better, pray, than I ?
What hidden charms to boast ?
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast.

Dearest mamma, for once let me
Unchained my fortune try ;
I'll have my Earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.
Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

MY LOVE WAS FICKLE ONCE AND CHANGING.

My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart,
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslaved me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke ;
Till, by her wit, Corrina saved me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure ;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false, inconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

CONTENT.

CUNNINGHAM.

The beauties of the following noble song must be so apparent to every one, as to render remarks upon them unnecessary.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home ;
Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had crowned,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her casement sweet woodbine crept wantonly round,
And decked the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she culled me the best ;
Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)
“ I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.”

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms ;
I kissed the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views ;

Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire;
The damsel's of humble descent :
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

LAMENT FOR AUGHRIM.

From the Irish of Thomas O'Connellan.

Thomas O'Connellan was one of the most gifted of Irish bards. His musical compositions are among the finest of the airs extant in a country famed for the sweetness and effectiveness of its minstrelsy. He was a native of the county of Sligo, and was coeval with nearly the whole of the seventeenth century, having been born in its early part, and having died in 1700. He was, consequently, the predecessor of Carolan, and is considered by many to have been his superior as a musical composer. There are, certainly, some of his airs, such as "The Jointure," and "The Lament for Aughrim," which, for expression and power over the feelings, the very best of Carolan's cannot equal. The latter is well known under the name of "Lochaber," from popular words written to it by Allan Ramsay, the Scotch poet. On this account it is erroneously considered by many to be of Scotch origin. "Planxty Davies," another of his airs, has also been appropriated by the Scotch to the song of "The battle of Killicranky," and has passed for one of the airs of that country. The translation of "The Lament for Aughrim," which is here inserted, is by Dr. M'Henry.

Alas ! for pale Aughrim, and that fatal day,
When the sword of the Saxon wrought death and dismay;
It fills my sad bosom with sorrow and pain,
To think of that day and its thousands of slain.

Oh! Aughrim! pale Aughrim! how woful to me,
Was the death-dealing conflict then witnessed by thee!
From my arms to that conflict my Dermot they tore,
And my boding heart knew I should see him no more.

Alas! for pale Aughrim! what anguish I bear
When I think of the warriors whose death-shout was there,
The sun that beheld them in death's cold embrace,
Ne'er saw braver warriors than fell on that place.
But of all those brave warriors, the dearest and best
Was the fond youth whose image still lives in my breast:
Ah! when to that strife my loved Dermot they bore,
Too well my heart knew I should see him no more.

Alas! for pale Aughrim! the good and the brave,
By the fierce-handed Saxon consigned to the grave,
A nation mourns for them—yes, Erin has tears
That shall flow to their memory thro' long-coming years.
Their virtues and valour affection shall tell,
And fond tears shall moisten the turf where they fell:
There fell my loved Dermot—there died in his gore;
Ah! I knew when we parted I'd see him no more.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—" *The Lament for Aughrim.*"

This is decidedly the best of Ramsay's songs; and for its affecting simplicity and sweet air, will be for ever a favourite with the people of Britain and Ireland.

It is related, as an instance of the powers of this song, that, within these few years past, a citizen of Kentucky, who was born in Scotland, on hearing it sung by a stranger sojourning in his house, became so affected with love

for his native scenes, that he sold off his property and hastened back to Scotland, with the determination never again to leave it.

Farewell to Lochaber ! farewell, my Jean !
Where heartsome with thee I've mony a day been ;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
I'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir :
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind :
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained ;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained ;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?

Thy presence cou'd ease me,

When naething cou'd please me;

Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,

Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods are now bonny, and mornings are clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,

And primroses springing;

Yet nane o' them pleases my eye or my ear,

When thro' the wood laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell,

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith ev'ning and morning:

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow.

Wha's living in languor till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, an' play.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

A Scottish nobleman becoming enamoured of a beautiful peasant girl, whom he accidentally saw in the neighbourhood of Patie's Mill, prevailed on Ramsay to write this well-known song in praise of her charms.

The lass o' Patie's mill
Sae bonny, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his han'.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fan',
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help o' art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smiled.
Her looks they were sae mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wished her for my bride.

O had I a' the wealth
Hopetouns high mountains fill,
Insured lang life an' health,
An' pleasure at my will,
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass o' Patie's mill,
Shou'd share the same wi' me.

OH! NO, MY LOVE, NO.

T. DIBDIN.

While I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
Did I ever upbraid you? oh! no, my love, no!

I own it would please me at home could you tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from your Fanny to go,
But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure? oh! no, my love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
Do you think I suspect you? oh! no, my love, no!

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart that adores you such wo;
Yet, should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? oh! no, my love, no!

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH.

TUNE—"Black Joke."

Counsellor Lysaght, the author of this immortal song, so exceedingly characteristic of Irish oddity and fun, was one of the ornaments of the Irish bar and of Dublin society, when that society was at its acme of wit, gayety, and conviviality, and before the influence of temperance so happily for the real welfare of the Irish people, stript Donnybrook of the glory of its extravagant humours and eccentric follies.

Och ! love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
He loves all that's lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green.
His heart is good humoured—'tis honest and sound,
No malice or envy is there to be found,
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
He loves, oh ! he loves, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green ;
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A new Barcelona tied round his neat neck ;
He goes into a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
Comes out, meets his friend, and for love knocks him down
With a sprig of Shillelagh and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head sore with blows
From sprigs of shillelagh and shamrocks so green ;
He meets with his Shelah, who, frowning a smile,
Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while ;
To the church they then go—and, nine months after that,
A fine baby cries out, "How d'ye do, father Pat ?
With your sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green."

Success to the land that gave Patrick his birth,
The land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grow sprigs of shillelagh and shamrocks so green.
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon
Thrash the foes that would plant on their confines a cannon ;
United and happy, at liberty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green.

TOM BOWLING.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

This, probably the best of all Dibdin's songs, was written from impulse of manly grief for the death of his brother Thomas.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair ;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah ! many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom has gone aloft !

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands :
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul hath gone aloft.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The fine imagery of the following pathetic stanzas, which are every way worthy of their distinguished author, will be appreciated by all lovers of true poetry.

O! lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !
Too lively glows the lily's light,
The varnished holly's all too bright.

The May-flower and the eglantine,
May shade a brow less sad than mine !
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due.

The myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give ;
Then, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
Her boasted roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albion bind her bonnet blue,
With health and hare-bell dipt in dew ;

On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of Emerald green ;
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree !

H

LASHED TO THE HELM.

The following is deservedly accounted one of the best of British sea songs, and has long been a favourite with seamen, particularly in the mercantile service.

In storms when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious Pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore;
 No more the main
I'd tempt again,

But tender joys improve ;
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think of nought but love.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

The famous Thomas Paine wrote this beautiful song with the view of presenting it to the committee of management for erecting a monument to the memory of the conqueror of Quebec, in competition for a premium offered for the most approved piece on the subject. The author, however, did not present his verses to the committee, but first published them in a Philadelphia periodical in the year 1775. Their poetic merit soon brought them into general estimation, and it is believed that they will live in public favour when every other production of Paine shall be neglected or forgotten.

In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care ;
She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaimed against fate,
And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around,
With th' exploits of her favourite son ;
Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engraved with some deeds he had done.

The sire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And, moved with her tears, sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came ;
Britannia, forbear, not a sigh nor a tear
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly loved ;
Thy grief shall be changed into tumults of joy,
For he is not dead, but removed.

The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darksome abodes ;
And, such is the news that in heaven is told,
They are marching to war with the gods.
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was a final decree,
That Wolfe should be called to the army above,
And the charge was intrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew;
Wolfe begged for a moment's delay :
He cried, oh, forbear ! let me victory hear,
And then the command I'll obey.
With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore for his own native shore,
Might tempt him again to return.

GENERAL WOLFE'S SONG.

The heroic subject of the foregoing stanzas was himself a poet, and one, too, of genuine inspiration, if we may judge from the following specimen, which he is said to have written the night before he died in the arms of victory. A fine tone of philosophical bravery and soldier-like resignation breathes through it, and tempers its bacchanalian pleasantries into a serious and reflective submission to the ordination of Providence. The piece affords a remarkable combination of sentiments and feelings characteristic at once of a hero, a poet, a cheerful friend, and a philosopher.

How stands the glass around ?
For shame, ye take no care, boys.
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound ;
The trumpets sound,

The colours they are flying, boys ;
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys ?
Why, soldiers, why ?
Whose business 'tis to die.
What, sighing ? fie !
Drink on, and let's be jolly, boys ;
'Tis he, you, or I,
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain ;
Should next campaign
Send us to Him that made us, boys,
We're free from pain ;
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

D I M O N D.

The following impressive picture of a dying warrior, is not inferior to either of the two preceding pieces in either poetry or pathos.

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
He comes thro' the storm and the darkness of night,
For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
Pale, pale is his cheek; there's a gash on his brow;
His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow;
And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.

Rest, warrior, rest—rest, warrior, rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep on the cottager's bed,
Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
Of his lady love's bower, and her latest farewell.
Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms;
He shall dream that his mistress lies locked in his arms;
He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her kiss!
Ah! warrior, wake not, such slumber is bliss:

Rest, warrior, rest—rest, warrior, rest.

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

D R. M ' H E N R Y .

O thou, for whom my bosom swell'd,
When first it knew the thrill of love,
Whose memory still shall dear be held,
While in this breast one pulse shall move;
Though fated now afar to rove
From all that once my life could bless,
Exile and sorrow shall but prove
To thee my heart's devotedness!

Oh, Ellen ! think'st thou time or space
Can ever change a love like mine ?
Can from my memory e'er efface
Charms there impressed so deep as thine ?
No ; I may suffer and repine,
While round my head life's tempests roll—
To death itself I may resign—
But thou shalt triumph in my soul.

At twilight's tender hour of love,
That hour to my fond feelings dear,
By Inver's margin dost thou rove,
Where oft we pledged our vows sincere ?
And think'st thou of the grief severe,
That bids thy hapless lover groan,
Without one joy his soul to cheer,
Save when he thinks of thee alone ?

How sweet the throb of ardent joy
Our raptured bosoms fondly knew,
When love would all our thoughts employ,
And nought but bliss our fancies drew !
We thought not then to bid adieu
To love and joy on Inver's shore ;
Nor felt the pang when hearts so true
Are doom'd to part to meet no more !

But time flew swift with lightning speed, .
And brought that pang upon his wing ;
To joys divine we felt succeed
Harsh disappointment's fiery sting :
Oh ! then what love, what suffering,
We at our last sad meeting felt !
Remembrance still the scene can bring,
To bid my troubled bosom melt.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

CUNNINGHAM.

The author of this excellent song was a player as well as a poet, and dedicated a volume of poems to the celebrated Garrick. As poor Cunningham, however, was but an indifferent player, although far from being an indifferent poet, the British Rocius undervalued the dedication, and when waited on by the poet with a copy of his book, bestowed on him the beggarly reward of a couple of guineas, contemptuously observing, "Players, sir, as well as poets, are always poor."

The repulse weighed heavily on the spirits of Cunningham, and is said to have been the chief cause of his becoming addicted to the fatal habit of dram-drinking, which, no doubt, shortened his earthly career. He died at Newcastle on Tyne, at the age of 44.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam,
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen!

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen!

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love ;
And see, the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green ;
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see, the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark ! the happy shepherd's cry,
" 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !"

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

BURNS.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore ;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell! farewell! Eliza, dear,
The maid that I adore,
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

ROSLIN CASTLE.

H E W I T .

Richard Hewit, the author of this beautiful pastoral song, which, together with the well known air to which it has given name, will live while sweet poetry and sweet music shall find admirers among men, was for several years the amanuensis of Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh. It was while in this employment that he wrote these mellifluous verses. He was a native of the county of Cumberland, England, and was taken when a boy to lead Dr. Blacklock, who was blind. He does not seem to have cultivated his poetical talents very industriously, otherwise the Doctor, who was a great admirer and patron of poetic genius, would, no doubt, have aided him in ushering a volume into public notice. That this song, however, was not his only poetic production is certain, as a copy of verses which he addressed to Dr. Blacklock, on leaving his service, is noticed in the Doctor's works. When he died is not known: perhaps a premature decease may have prevented him from acquiring greater distinction as a poet. His name, however, attached to Roslin Castle, will live for ever.

Barthlemon, a composer, once attached to the London theatres, is said to have been the author of the music. If so, his fame, like that of the author of the words, is far from being equal to his merit.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing!
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song;
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O, bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O, hark, my love! on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O, come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O, hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine!

THE BANKS OF AYR.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

Burns wrote this plaintive and touching song a few days before his intended embarkation for Jamaica in 1786. His adoption of the air of Hewit's song shows that the latter must have been then known and popular. It may be mentioned, that it was the patronising interference of Blacklock, the employer of Hewit, that prevented the expatriation of Burns, and brought him into fame.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempests fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not the fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell ! old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those ;
 The bursting tears my heart declare ;
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

MISS BLAMIRE.

TUNE—" *Auld Langsyne.*"

The heart of every wanderer, who, after a long absence, has returned to the scenes of his youth, will feel the force of the sentiments so naturally expressed in this touching production.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trod on thirty years,
 My native lan' I sought again,
 Wi' mony hopes and fears.
 Wha' kens gin the dear friends I left
 Will still continue mine,
 Or gin I e'er again shall meet
 The joys I left langsyne ?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way ;
 Ilk place I passed seem'd yet to speak
 Of some dear former day ;
 Those days that followed me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Which made me think the joys at hand
 Were naething to langsyne.

My ivy'd towers now met my view,
Where minstrels us'd to blaw ;
Nae frien' stept forth wi' open arms,
Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw.
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad come back,
He bore about langsyne.

I ran through ilka weel kent room,
In hopes to meet friends there ;
I saw where ilk ane used to sit,
I hang o'er ilka chair,
Till saft oblivion drew her veil
Across these een o' mine ;
I steek'd the door, and sabb'd aloud
As I thought o' langsyne.

A new-sprung race o' motley kind,
Would now their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
Cut, cut, they cried, yon gloomy trees ;
Lay low yon mournfu' pine !
Ah, no ! your father's names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

THE ABSENT LOVER.

The following is another song of extreme tenderness, by MISS BLAMIRE. The second verse is peculiarly beautiful. The image of the leaf falling into the maiden's lap, with its application, is both fanciful and original. Her endeavouring to hide her love behind the blushing buds in the

bower of roses, is also a new thought, and exquisitely poetical.

What ails this heart o' mine?
What means this watery e'e?
What maks me aye turn pale as death,
When I tak leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'lt dearer grow to me,
But change o' face and change o' place,
May gar thy fancy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,
Aneath yon spreading tree,
And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee.
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
Which thou with roses wove,
Where oft behind the blushing buds
I tried to hide my love.

I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee;
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale,
By every burn and tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Tho' lovers absent be,
And when I think I see thee still,
I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

YE NATAL HILLS.

DR. M' HENRY.

AIR—" *Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.*"

Ye natal hills ! that softly throw
Around my soul a mystic charm,
Oft have ye seen the former joys
That did my youthful bosom warm,
When, blest with Ellen's lovely smiles,
I stray'd your verdant scenes among,
As blithe a youth as ever raised
On Irish plains the rural song.

Ye elms ! that crown yon river's brink,
Ye little warblers of their boughs !
Why look so fair, why sing so gay ?—
Ye witness'd Ellen's broken vows !
Ye saw her lovely blushes spread
As round her breast I would entwine ;—
But now a happier swain enjoys
Those dear delights that once were mine !

Ye blossom'd boughs and flowerets sweet !
Why spread your blooms so fresh and fair ?
Ye mind me of my Ellen's charms,
When first she did my heart ensnare ;
Ye mind me of the fickle maid,
Whose loss I ever must deplore ;
For, ah ! those dear departed joys—
I'll never, never prove them more

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

TUNE—" *Hey Tuttie Taitie.*"

The heart-touching pathos of this exquisite lyric, has seldom been equalled. In the expression of connubial

tenderness, it surpasses even the far-famed "John Anderson my Jo."

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa', Jean,
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Jean,
 To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudg'd her sair, Jean,
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me, Jean,
 To the land o' the leal.
Now sorrow's sell wears past, Jean,
And joy's coming fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last, Jean,
 In the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,
We've lang been left alane, Jean,
We'll a' meet again, Jean,
 In the land o' the leal.

Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and aye be fain, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

SIR W. SCOTT.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtains for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Afar from love and thee, Mary.

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid,
It will not waken me, Mary.

I may not, dare not, fancy now,
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow ;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promis'd me, Mary !

No fond regret must Norman know,
When bursts clan Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary !

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary !

And if return'd from conquered foes,
How brightly will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary !

FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT.

BURNS.

The fine strain of manly independence which breathes through this song is highly characteristic of Burns. It is a song that will not die while true honesty and the native dignity of man, are respected.

Is there, for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that ;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that !
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that ;
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha strut, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that ;

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that ;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that ;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man and man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

T A T E .

T U N E.—“*Langolee*.”

This excellent song has long been popular. Its fine Doric ease and clearness of expression render it deservedly so. Burns makes a hypercriticism in censuring the introduction of the nightingale among the scenery, as, he says, that bird is never heard in Scotland. Burns did not know, or did not remember, that there is a river Dee in England as well as in Scotland, on the banks of which it

may have been that the fair maiden grieved for her Jamie, and not on those of the Scottish Dee. The song has, indeed, altogether an English character, the word Jamie being 'the only Scotticism—if it be one—which it contains.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree;
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks and pure stream will be dear to me ever:
For there I first gained the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him;
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting once more all the sweets of the Dee.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

TUNE—" *The Lone Vale.*"

The following beautiful ballad is one of the choicest gems of Scottish minstrelsy. For simplicity and tenderness it has never been surpassed in the rural poetry of any country. The name of the author is unknown.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the boor-tree was fa'in'
An' Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist, wi' her a' in't,
An' left her auld master, an' neibers sae dear.
For Lucy had serv'd in the glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the flower bloomed on the pea:
An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e.

She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stannin';
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see:
"Fare ye weel, Lucy," quo Jamie, an' ran in,
—The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
As down the burn-side she ga'ed slaw wi' her flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy," was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
An' robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

"O what is't that puts my puir heart in a flutter?
An' what gars the tear comes sae fast to my e'e?
If I wasna fated to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither nor friend the puir lammie can see:
I fear I hae tint my bit heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's fast frae my e'e.

“Wi’ the rest o’ my claes I hae row’d up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me :
Yestreen when he gae me’t, an’ saw I was sabbin’,
I’ll never forget the wae blink o’ his e’e.
Though then he said naething but ‘Fare ye weel, Lucy’,
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see ;
He cudna say mair, but just ‘Fare ye weel, Lucy’ ;
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

“The lamb likes the gowan wi’ dew when its droukit ;
The hare likes the brake, an’ the braird on the lee ;
But Lucy likes Jamie ;”——she turn’d an’ she lookit ;
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah ! weel may young Jamie gang dowie an’ cheerless !
An’ weel may he greet on the bank o’ the burn !
His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle an’ peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

RICHARD GALL.

“This song, written by Mr. Richard Gall, a Printer in Edinburgh, but now dead, has acquired a high degree of praise, from having been printed among the works of Burns, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr. Gall’s friends to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of Burns stands in no need of the aid of others to support it ; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice, due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery, or the slanders of malevolence.”—*Pocket Encyclopedia.*

Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew :
Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang :
Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang.

Bowers, adieu ! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine ;
Where the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er sall tyne.

Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear ;
But, alas ! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe !

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me ;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be !

Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew ;
Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

BURNS.

This is undoubtedly one of Burns' best songs. He has himself given the following account of it. "These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte

Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq. physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Herveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon."—*Pocket Encyclopedia*.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair !
 But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bud on the banks of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew ;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the ev'ning leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill heary wing, as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

CUISH LA MA CHREE.

BY DR. M'HENRY.

By moonlight shades, as sad I stray'd
 Along yon flowery vale,
 While fragrance sported through the air
 On every wanton gale ;
 With anxious heart I thought on her,
 Whom I no more must see !
 Adieu, adieu, my only love—my Cuish la ma chree !

K

The fairest maid on Ulster's shore,
Alas ! too well I loved !
Long did I plead my ardent flame,
But, ah ! she ne'er approved !
And hence to torrid climes I fly,
Climes less severe than she.—
Adieu, adieu, my only love—my Cuish la ma chree !

As on I stray'd, a tender voice
Soft through the foliage stole.
I paused—for, ah ! the plaintive strains
Had seized my very soul:—
“ He's gone, he's gone to sultry climes—
The dearest youth to me !
Adieu, adieu, my only love—my Cuish la ma chree !

“ 'Twas first beneath these willow-boughs,
His love for me he told ;
Methinks that voice I yet can hear,
That pleading form behold !
Here then I'll mourn, and break my heart,
Beneath this willow-tree !
Adieu, adieu, my only love—my Cuish la ma chree !”

Swift to her arms, with bounding haste,
In rapture wild I flew :
“ 'Tis I ! 'tis I ! my life's delight !—
And dost thou love so true ?
With lingering steps Heaven kept me here,
No more to part from thee !
No, never more we'll part, my love—my Cuish la
chree !”

ADIEU! A HEART-WARM FOND
ADIEU.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Good night and joy be with ye a'.*"

This is without exception the best and most popular masonic song that ever was written. The farewell pathos of parting good fellowship was never more feelingly expressed than in the last request of the poet to his companions:—

*"One round! I ask it with a tear,
To him—the bard that's far awa'."*

Adieu, a heart-warm, fond, adieu,
Dear brethren of the mystic tie;
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy.
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba';
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still when far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design;
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect, divine;

That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still guided by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell, whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear,
 Heaven bless your honoured, noble name,
 To masonry and Scotia dear ;
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the bard, that's far awa'.

KITTY OF COLERAIN.

This song is an excellent specimen of that off-handed and whimsical jumbling of odd and half-blundering expressions with correct thought and natural gayety of sentiment, peculiar to Irish humour, which renders it the richest and most attractive in the world.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Colerain,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.
 " Oh, what shall I do, now ?
 'Twas looking at you, now :
 Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;
 'Twas the pride of my dairy ;
 Oh ! Barney M'Leary !
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Colerain."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;
 A kiss then I gave her before I did leave her ;
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season,
 I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortunes will never come single, that's plain ;
 For very soon after,
 Poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Colerain.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

T H O M A S M O O R E .

TUNE—"Paddy's Wedding."

The young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove,
 Through Morna's grove,
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love.
 Then awake, the Heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear ;
 And the best of all ways,
 To lengthen thy days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love.
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far.
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.

Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage's glass will shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED.

AIR—*Gramachree.*

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
Or felt soft woman's sigh?
Is there a man can mark unmov'd
Dear woman's tearful eye?
Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
Or solitary cell,
Where none but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deigns to dwell!

For there's charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To man—to virtue, dear:
And he who can resist her smiles,
With brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
That joy her virtues give.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.

THOMAS MOORE.

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?

Your bed shall be roses all spangled with dew:

Will you, will you, will you, will you

Come to the bower?

Then, under the shade, on roses you'll lie,

With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye;

Will you, will you, will you, will you

Smile, my beloved?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,

Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we sip;

Will you, will you, will you, will you

Kiss me, my love?

And, oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,

From languishing roses or kisses from you;

Will, you, will you, will you, will you—

Wont you, my love?

THE DRUID'S GROT.

DR. M' HENRY.

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

The fierce summer heats have yon streamlet exhausted,

That sluggishly creeps through its channel unseen;

The green sap of life of its vigour is wasted,

And faded the bright gems that chequer the green;

The thirsty flocks hie to the fresh cooling fountain,

The mower extends his tired length on the mead;

And I'll to the Grot in the side of yon mountain,

Where Mary still flies when she seeks the cool shade!

A pure chrystal stream this dear Grotto encloses,
So sweet and refreshing, 'tis fit for my love;
All around it I've planted fair woodbines and roses,
And the arch'd roof with ivy is mantled above:
Some Druid of Erin of old here had founded
An altar to Love, for on it were portray'd
Two doves and two hearts that were mutually wounded,
And that oft here had met in the cool summer shade.

'Twas here one bright noon that my stars kindly drove me,
She lay, and all lovely in sleep she appear'd;
I slipp'd near, and whisper'd—"Dear maid, that I love
thee,

I swear by *this altar* some Druid has rear'd."—
She, startling, awoke, and blush'd all in confusion;
To my bosom I clasp'd her, when, smiling, she said,
"Dear Patrick, I pardon your ardent intrusion,
For I heard your soft vow in the cool summer shade."

Since that, we still meet here when fierce heats are
glowing.

And our flocks rest secure in the shade of the hill;
We taste all the joys from our pure raptures flowing,
And we sing of the Druid, the Grot, and the rill.
But the day that's for ever to join us, we've set it,
And on this blest altar our rites shall be paid;
For the throb we first felt here, we'll never forget it,
Nor the joys we oft own'd in the cool summer shade!

WHEN FROM THE ORIENT HERB
ASCENDS.

DR. M' HENRY.

TUNE—"My Pattie is a lover gay."

In these times of temperance and sobriety, when bacchanalian songs are inadmissible in a compilation intended for the use of families, like the present, it is presumed that the following verses in praise of *tea drinking*, that most agreeable bond of good neighbourhood, and brightner of social enjoyment, will be acceptable to all who are fond of that table companionship of which the cheering beverage is so great a promoter.

When from the orient herb ascends
The fragrant vapour, rich and bland,
Which to the soul a briskness lends,
That bids each social throb expand;
From young men's lips then candour steals,
And kindness beams in maidens' eyes;
Each heart a brightening spirit feels,
Which China's plant alone supplies.

Then is the time for those who love,
The mutual thought to interchange,
The friendly counsel to improve,
And let opinion freely range :
And while we from the crystal vase,
Quaff the rich beverage divine,
Each wish that warms the heart we'll trace ;—
My thoughts be yours, and yours be mine.

THE BIRD THAT HEARS HER NESTLINGS CRY.

The bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the sky,
To nurse the callow brood :
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms ;
And sickens for the darling boy,
When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
My faithful bosom fires ;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires :
The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All similies are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine :
The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine :
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more ;
Convey my longing to the fair,
The goddess I adore.

HYMEN SHALL RIVET THE FETTERS OF LOVE.

DAVID GARRICK.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once bless'd is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind,
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PAST.

LORD LYTTLETON.

The heavy hours are almost past,
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same,
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame?
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When we shall shortly meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time the cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind,
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join,
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think thee mine.

FRIENDSHIP.

POPE.

The ethical poet of England, seldom attempted lyrical composition; but when he did, he always succeeded in producing something more than usually graceful and instructive.

The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem that in searching around,
This source of content is so rare to be found.

O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweetner of life,
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusions, the joys of an hour!

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend!
Our joys when extended will always increase,
And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace:
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer and Friendship sincere;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

THE NUN.

Sure a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
Yet mother oft tells me, she'll have me a Nun,
Yet mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry;
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better, to me, I declare;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone;
Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a Nun.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh I never can bear !
Nor yield to be sent to —— one cannot tell where ;
To live or to die in this case were all one ;
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps but to tease me, she threatens me so,
I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say no ;
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.

CHLOE'S KISSES.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

Dear Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prithee, dear Chloe be kind ;
For since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields ;
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
Count how many stars are in Heaven,
Go number the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy neck like a vine :
What joy can be greater than this is !
My life on thy lips shall be spent :
But the wretch who can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.

DARBY AND JOAN.

Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain :
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
Your kindness would vastly improve ;
Your sighs and your smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun-shine of love :
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness possess all the skies,
Yet we ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with wonder ;
He's dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder ;

Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door,
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother ;
Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other ;
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments which youth did bestow ;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
Nor sickness nor time can remove ;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these ;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Guardian angels, now protect me,
Send to me the swain I love ;
Cupid, with thy bow direct me,
Help me, all ye pow'rs above.
Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
Tell him I love and I despair ;
Tell him, for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live ;
O may the Shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night ;
Near the brink of yonder fountain,
First Leander bless'd my sight.
Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
Echoes, repeat the vows he swore :
Can he forget me
Will he neglect me,
Shall I never see him more !

Does he love, and yet forsake me,
To admire a nymph more fair ?
If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
And esteem the happy pair.
Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
No more the cares of life pursue :
The Lark and Philomel
Only shall hear me tell
What makes me bid the world adieu.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Born 1565, Killed 1593.

This fine song, though often attributed to Shakspeare, is the composition of Marlowe. Shakspeare makes Parson Evans sing some of the lines when he is waiting to fight Dr. Caius.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood, or steepy mountain yield.

There we will sit on rising rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
And shoes lined choicely from the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
If these delights thy mind can move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552, Beheaded 1618.

Written, says Isaac Walton, by Raleigh, in his "younger days," and adds, alluding to Marlowe's song, that it is "old fashioned poetry, but choicely good." This copy is given from Sir Egerton Brydges' edition of Raleigh's poems.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
Those pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticement move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Could still my love on you depend,
Had joys no date, and truth no end,
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

S H E N S T O N E .

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire,
Seems forever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree :
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace ;
I would vanish from ev'ry eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove,
With the same sad complaint it begun,
How she smil'd, and I could not but love,
Was faithless, and I am undone.

LOVE'S FIRST GLANCE.

DR. M'HENRY.

There was a moment bright and blest,
Which I shall ne'er forget,
It pour'd a rapture through my breast
That animates it yet.

O'er all life's varying scenes it threw
The visions of romance ;—
'Twas when my young enchanted view
Met Love's first glance.

There was a beam of bliss that shone
Upon my young career,
More sweetly bright than e'er I've known
The light of pleasure here ;
The dearest boon e'er lent by Heaven,
Life's value to enhance ;
'Twas to my thrilling bosom given
By Love's first glance.

From Ellen's heart-expressing eyes,
The emanation came ;
It bade my drooping spirits rise,
And cheered my sinking frame ;
Hushed were my griefs, forgot my cares,
In joy's delirious trance ;
My soul ev'n yet the rapture shares
Of Love's first glance.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

THOMAS MOORE.

Oh ! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the valley with false vows came ;
The moon hid her light
From the Heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon,
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none shall see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path way
When the Lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came,
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life, from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New joys may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream,

Though the bard to purer fame may soar
 When wild youth's past,
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before
 To smile at last,
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when he first sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And at every pause, she blushed to hear
 The once-loved name.

Oh! that hallowed hour is ne'er forgot
 Which first-love traced,
 Still, it lingering, haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed,
 'Twas morning's winged dream,
 'Twas a light that ne'er shall shine again
 On life's dull stream.

MAY WE NE'ER WANT A FRIEND.

T. DIBDIN.

Since the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind,
 And taught me how favour'd by fortune my lot,
 To share that good fortune I still was inclined.
 And impart to who wanted what I wanted not.

CHORUS.

'Tis a maxim, entitled to every one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him;
 And my motto, though simple, means more than it says,
 May we ne'er want a friend, nor a dinner to give him.

The heart, by deceit or ingratitude rent,
Or by poverty bow'd, though of evils the least,
The smile of a friend may invite to content,
And we all know content is an excellent feast.
'Tis a maxim, entitled, &c.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH ;

OR

The Motto of Odd-Fellowship.

When Friendship, Love, and Truth are found
Amongst a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.
Sweet roses crown the thorny way,
Along this vale of sorrow ;
The flowers that shed their sweets to-day
May bloom again to-morrow.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth.

On eagle's wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
Old time lays down his sythe and glass,
In gay good humour smiling :
His ermine beard and forelocks gray,
His rev'rent front adorning ;
He looks like Winter chang'd to May,
Or Night soften'd into Morning.
How grand, &c.

From these delightful fountains flow,
Celestial rills of pleasure;
Can man receive, or Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorned with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

SIR W. SCOTT.

The following is a sprightly and romantic ballad worthy of the same paternity with that of the gallant *Lochinvar*.

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle? come, hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spear be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,

M

Yet twenty bold yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross or Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother she ask'd of his house and his home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "stands gallanter still:
'Tis the blue vaulted heaven with its cressent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles," said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone:
But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry!
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AIR—" *Ye Gentlemen of England.*"

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And the ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return:
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

OUR SHIP HOW BEAUTEOUS TO SURVEY.

DR. M'HENRY.

AIR—" *The Glasses sparkle on the board.*"

Our ship, how beauteous to survey !
She spreads her wings with pride ;
Sublime she cuts her liquid way,
And stems the briny tide !
While favouring breezes gently blow,
Her pinions to expand,
Hope bids our kindling spirit glow,
To hail our native land !

For, oh ! how'er we may admire
Our gallant ship to view,
A sweeter throb can still inspire
The heart to nature true ;—
The joyous thought, that soon again
Our youthful scenes we'll rove,
And to our raptured bosoms strain
The objects of our love !

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

The mountain maid from her bower has hied,
And sped to the glassy river's side,
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright
And the willows waved in the silver light ;
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain ;
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he charm'd the ear of the mountain maid.

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
While a soft sigh swells her gentle breast,
He caught her glance and mark'd her sigh,
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye:
So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
He charm'd her tender soul to pity,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he gain'd the heart of the mountain maid.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

DR. M'HENRY.

AIR—"Death of General Wolfe."

Oh dear was she to her lover's eyes
Whose form I no more shall see;
Beneath the cold earth and the long grass lies
The heart that was truest to me;
And those eyes that looked so fond and so bright,
When on me they would fix their beams;
Are closed, alas! in the grave's dark night,
Where not even a meteor gleams!

Those lips of ruby, that on me smiled,
With delight which I felt so dear,
No more I shall hear their accents mild,
Which delighted me oft to hear;
For nought but words of affection and truth,
From so pure a source could flow,
As the heart of her who enamoured my youth,
And gladden'd my path below.

Beloved one! with thee laid low in the grave,
Is every fond wish of my heart,
But the sweet throb of feeling thy loveliness gave,
From my bosom shall never depart.
Round thy image my memory shall fervently cling
With devotion as faithful as warm;
And fancy's illusion thy presence shall bring,
My heart's seated sorrow to charm.

KELVIN GROVE.

LISLE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonny lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, O,
Where the rose, in all its pride,
Paints the hollow dingle's side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, O,
We will wander by the mill, bonny lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call,
Of the lofty waterfall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonny lassie, O.
Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O,
Where so oft beneath its shade, bonny lassie, O,
With the songsters in the grove,
We've told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O.
Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O,
To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O,
To the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonny lassie, O

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonny lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O.

Ere the golden orb of day,
Wake the warblers from the spray,
From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O,
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O,
Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonny lassie, O.

MY PRETTY BRUNETTE.

Dear Nancy, I've sail'd the world all around,
And seven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound
But now my hard perils are over.
I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget;
I've borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty brunette,
Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me ?

Though others may boast of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
At their jeers and ill nature I'll scorn to repine,
Can they boast of a heart that is truer;
Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main
Brave the seasons both stormy and wet ?
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty brunette.
Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

When ordered afar in pursuit of the foe,
I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
And, never more see my Nancy ;
But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
And bade me such nonsense forget,
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty brunette.
Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

LAMENT OF A HUSBAND FOR HIS DECEASED WIFE.

BY MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

Music by Dempster.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the Lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;
The day is bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again !
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here:
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But O! they love the better far,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

THE LONELY AULD WIFE.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER.

Music by Dempster.

[It was formerly, and I believe still is, customary among the natives of Scotland, when one of an aged couple dies, to leave the CHAIR which the deceased usually occupied, standing in the accustomed corner, until the survivor should also be called to join its former occupant in the world of spirits.]

Beside the auld hearth she hath cherished for life,
Silent and sad sits the lonely auld wife;
Time hath left many a trace on her brow,
But grief hath not troubled her spirit till now.

There are tears in her eyes that are now dim with age,
And she looketh in vain on that holy page—
For she cannot see aught but an old oak chair,
That vacant and lonely is standing there.

Long ago, when her bosom was swelling with pride,
The lonely auld wife was a gay young bride—
And the rose on her cheek wore its richest bloom,
When she gave her hand to the joyous groom.
Faded and worn is her beauty now—
Gray are the hairs on her wrinkled brow—
Silent she sits by the old hearth stone,
Sad are her thoughts—she is there alone.

Her gudeman has gone to his dreamless rest,
And the lonely auld wife hath a troubled breast,
Yet not for the world would she banish away
The Chair he hath sat in for many a day.
She speaketh not, save with a trembling breath,
But hopeth, and waiteth and prayeth for death—
For joyless and dark are the days of her life,
When the gudeman is gone from the lonely auld wife.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY MISS GOULD.

Music by Dempster.

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair;
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer, though often I speak;
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot touch it—I'm blind, oh! I'm blind!

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
 I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell;
 While touched to my heart with its deep thrilling strain
 Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain;
 What brightness of hue is with music combined?
 Will any one tell me?—I'm blind, oh! I'm blind!

The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh,
 What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?
 Are not they sweet angels, that come to delight
 A poor little boy that knows nothing of sight?
 The sun, moon and stars are to me undefined:
 Oh! tell me what light is—I'm blind, oh! I'm blind.

WHY TO YON RUINS GRAY?

DR. M'HENRY.

TUNE—"Eveleen's Bower," or "The little Fishes weep,"
an old Irish Air.

Why to yon ruins gray,
 Does my fancy love to stray,
 Where the fisher's bark glides smooth o'er
 The lake's gentle breast?
 Oh! why to Larne's sweet shore,
 Which I may see no more,
 Turns my heart in all its sorrows,
 For refuge and rest?

'Twas there my youth was spent
 In the bosom of content,
 And my early morn of life passed
 Unclouded and gay;
 No cares but those of love,
 My bosom there could move,
 Nor deluding voice of false friends
 E'er led me astray.

And thou, my sainted fair,
My Ellen, it was there,
Thy charms first taught my bosom
Love's rapture to know,
Which through my frame can still
Send the sweetest, purest thrill,
Which life in all my wanderings,
Could ever bestow.

If fate should me restore,
Lovely Larne, to thy sweet shore,
No more shall false hope tempt me
To wander from thee ;
But 'neath the shamrock sod,
By linnets softly trod,
In the grave of my sires shall
My last dwelling be.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

PEARCE.

For England, when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
" *By the deep—NINE !*"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view—
An abbey tow'r, a harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true ;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
" *By the mark—SEVEN !*"

And as the much lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof!
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "*Quarter less—FIVE!*"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,
With slacken'd sail she feels the tide :
"Stand clear the cable !" is the cry—
The anchor's gone we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night,
We hear the seaman with delight,
 Proclaim—"ALL'S WELL."

LOVE'S SORROWS.

DR. M'HENRY.

In the first dawn of youthful feeling,
How sweet the throb of love to cherish !
O'er every sense delighted stealing,
Its sorrows all at first concealing,
And nought but heavenly charms revealing,
It sways us till we perish !

However fair to sight appearing,
The blissful vision is imparted,—
Though lovely, tender, and endearing,
Bright'ning our joys, our sorrows cheering,—
Some wayward fortune interfering,
May leave us broken-hearted.

I thought that Ellen loved sincerely,
When first my young affections sought her ;—
Ah! she was fair, I loved her dearly;
I found her false, and grieve severely,
That she was but a *woman merely*,
When I an *angel* thought her !

Thus Love on tender hearts imposes,
And thus his willing captives languish :
We think his path o'erspread with roses ;
But thorns, alas ! he soon discloses,
Till every hope his victim looses,
And fades away in anguish !

MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld;
And weel I like to meet her
At the wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane ;
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare :
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown :
My Peggy smiles sae kindly
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gives me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best :
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

ROSE D'AMOUR.

To deck my love no jewels glow
 Amid her braided hair ;
A myrtle wreath entwines her brow—
 And flowrets wild and fair.
Though summers few have nightly shone
 Upon her bosom pure,
Yet far and near my love is known,
 And called the Rose D'Amour.

O'er hill and dale this queen of May,
 My gentle maid I view ;
A shepherd's wand her sceptre gay—
 Her crown a bonnet blue ;

The graces bind her beauties well
In innocence secure,
And virtue waves a magic spell
To guard my Rose D'Amour.

UNDER THE ROSE.

S. LOVER, ESQ.

If a secret you'd keep, there is one I could tell,
Tho' I think from my eyes you might guess it as well;
But as it might ruffle anothers repose,
Like a thorn let it be that is under the rose.

Fal, lal, la, la, lal, la.

As love in the garden of Venus one day,
Was sporting where he was forbidden to play,
He fear'd that some Sylph might his mischief disclose,
So he slily concealed himself under the rose.

Fal, lal, &c.

When the likeness is found, to thy breath and thy lips,
Where honey the sweetest the summer-bee sips,
Where love, timid love, found the safest repose,
There our secret will keep, dearest, under the rose.

Fal, lal, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Take hence the bowl tho' beaming,
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh! it but sets me dreaming,
Of days, of nights now gone.

There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizzard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither,
Some friend who once sat by,
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die;
Till as the dream comes o'er me,
Of those long vanished years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER.

Flow on thou shining river,
But e'er thou reach the sea.
Seek Ellen's bower and give her
The wreath I fling to thee;
And tell her thus—if she'll be mine
The current of our lives shall be,
In joy serene for e'er to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Oh! leave that wreath to wither
Upon the cold bank there,
And tell her thus—when youth is past,
Her love and loveliness shall be,
Neglected on life's current cast,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

WOULD YOU GATHER A FLOWER.

Would you gather a flower with emblems three,
Of beauty and youth, and bravery,
To bind up a wreath for the brows of the free,
That would fade in a land of slavery—
You must go where the waters roll silently on,
Which the bright beams of Luna play clear in
And gaze on the shamrocks that grow by their banks
As they flow from the green hills of Erin.
And gaze on the shamrocks, &c.

Would you go to the island where Liberty sits,
And see how the brave look upon her ;
And oh ! would you hear how they shout at her voice
When she calls them to glory and honour—
You must fly where the stars of her warriors shine
Over breasts that would never let fear in ;
And see the green banner unfurled by her troops,
As they march o'er the green hills of Erin.
And see the green banner, &c.

**HER CHEEK WAS OF THE ROSE'S
DYE.**

Her cheek was of the rose's dye
Her lip the ruby's hue,
And once her soft celestial eye
Beamed heaven's own brilliant hue ;
Her raven tresses floated o'er
A brow of stainless snow,
Her smiles of sweet enchantment wore,
Joy's captivating glow.

But now alas the rose is fled,
The lilly triumphs there
And lingers o'er that beauteous head,
The withering blight of care ;
A shade upon that brow is seen,
A sadness in that eye,
That 'trancing smile, that joyous mien,
Have flown for ever by.

'Tis pain to read in ev'ry trace,
The omens of decay,
'Tis grief to mark each youthful grace,
Thus early flee away ;
But vain, oh ! vain, is human art,
To lighten her despair,
Deep in her chilled and broken heart,
Love's monument is there.

FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND.

Farewell to old England, dear Mary, adieu !
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you ?
Though ocean divide us as far as the Pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul.
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters which fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As divert my firm mind from its fond thoughts of you ;
Farewell to old England, dear Mary, adieu !

Dear Mary, adieu ! can our love go to wreck,
When ev'ry plank bears your name on the deck :
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
While careless my shipmates at checkers have played :

Their sports are no pastime but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy in sighing for thee :
More happy by far when I'm thinking of you
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu.

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,
'Tis his compass, his helm, his guide, and his star,
'Tis impressed on his bosom the moment he sails,
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales ;
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day,
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu into welcome return.

TO BE MAD FOR A HUSBAND.

To be mad for a husband is not a thing new ;
The widow who swore to her first to be true,
And the moment he's dead, at a rout goes to cards,
And a week after marries Dick Trim of the Guards ;
Because, truly Dick was a lusty young lad,—
What a plague do you call such a woman but mad ?

The young lady, brimful of the last new romance,
Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance,
Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes,
And at last, with her John, who to Scotland elopes,
Leaving sore in affliction, her worthy old dad,—
What a plague do you call such a woman but mad ?

She, because he is rich, and because she is poor,
Who weds but a batter'd old rake of fourscore :
She at seventy-seven, who marries a boy,

For title and rank, she who barter's all joy
Those who marry for motives like these are as bad,—
What a plague do you call all these women but mad?

**'T WAS IN THE EVENING OF A
WINTER DAY.**

'Twas in the evening of a wintry day,
When safe returning from a long campaign,
Allen o'ertoil'd, and weary with the way,
Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
And viewed his Sally with enraptur'd eyes,
But she received him with a modest frown,
She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted and his beard unshorn,
His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung,
A tear of pleasure did each cheek adorn,
And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd by this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
Or has your heart unto another strayed?
Ah! why escaped I from the murd'ring shot!

As thus he spake, her wonted colour fled,
She ran and sank upon her Allen's breast,
All pale, awhile she look'd like one that's dead,
He kissed, she breath'd, and all her love confessed.

Yes, my delight—though altered as thou art,
Reduced by honest courage to this state,
Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
My long-lost husband and my wish'd-for mate.

YOU SMILE ALTHOUGH WE MEET
TO PART.

RICHARD CANAVAN.

AIR—"Louden's bonnie woods and braes."

You smile altho' we meet to part,
Through life for evermore, Ellen,
You smile on this devoted heart,
That bears thee in its core, Ellen:
Yet if thy hopes like mine were fleeting,
If thy heart like mine were beating,
Methinks you'd sorrow at this meeting,
For oh! 'twill be our last, Ellen.

But in thy bosom all's at rest,
All at rest for me, Ellen;
Whilst your Henry's faithful breast,
Is beating strong for thee, Ellen:
I vainly thought you ne'er would grieve me,
That words of thine would ne'er deceive me;
But oh! thy falsehood bids me leave thee!
Yet I love thee still, Ellen!

And when I'm far from friends and home,
From every joy and thee, Ellen,
Perhaps when near those bowers you roam,
You'll sometimes think of me, Ellen;
But should some lover kneel before thee,
One who may like me adore thee,
And for thy yielding hand implore thee,
Oh think not then of me, Ellen.

TH' YANKEE IN LONDON.

DR. M' HENRY.

TUNE—" *But are ye sure the news is true.*"

I guess I'm here as slick as life,
A Yankee cute and free,
In Britain's isle, where grandad lived
Before he crossed the sea :
That grandad was a keen old chap,
I oft heard father say ;
He chased the wild-cats from their dens
And clear'd the woods away.

CHORUS,

Oh ! pure and warm through Yankee veins,
'Tis British blood that flows ;
John Bull's the sire of Jonathan,
Why should they then be foes ?

Schoolmasters we sly Yankees had,
Before Lord Brough'm was born ;
And I was taught geography
By Nehemiah Horne :—
He said that England was a place
Where wondrous sights are seen,
The largest city in the world,
And prettiest little Queen.
Oh ! pure and warm &c.

Said I, it will be 'nationed hard
If dad wont let me go
To see the sights of Britain's isle,
Where old grandad did grow :—

“John Bull so proud,” said Master Horne,
“Will at your visit sneer.”
But spite of Master Horne, I’ve found
The kindest welcome here.

Oh! pure and warm, &c.

I went to see John’s brother Pat;—
Och! Pat’s the boy for me!
He gave my hand the cordial shake
Of welcome kind and free.
“Your health!” says he, “mavourneen fill,
We’ve whiskey here galore;
Then pledge the toast—our cousins all,
Upon the Yankee shore!”

Oh! pure and warm, &c.

An’ Sawney too was vera kind;
He bade me think nae shame,
But at his table mak’ as free
As gin I were at hame:
“Your hand,” said he “my Yankee lad,
Ye ken at frien’ship means,
An’ ye’re the sin o’ brither John,
Then let us aye be frien’s.

Oh! pure and warm, &c.

May they who kindle strife between
John Bull and Jonathan,
Meet with a true Kentucky lynch
Of forty stripes save one;
Or ridden be upon a rail,
From dawn till day be done,
Or till they cry, “God save John Bull
And Jonathan his son!”

Oh! pure and warm, &c.

OH! FLY TO THE PRAIRIE.

BY JOHN K. MITCHELL, M. D.

The author of the following excellent song is one of the most eminent Physicians in Philadelphia, and is consequently a votary of Apollo in his twofold character as the divinity of Poetry and of Physic. The present effusion has the merit of being entirely American in its scenery and allusions, as well as in its authorship.

Oh ! fly to the Prairie sweet maiden with me,
'Tis as green and as wild and as wide as the sea,
O'er its soft silken bosom the summer winds glide,
And wave the wild grass in its billowy pride :
The fawns in the meadow fields fearlessly play ;
Away to the chase lovely maiden away ;
Bound, bound to thy courser, the Bison is near,
And list to the tramp of the light-footed deer.

The woodsman delights in his trees and his shade,
But see there's no sun on the cheek of his maid ;
His flowers are blighted, his blossoms look pale,
And mildew is riding his vapourous gale :
Hurrah for the Prairie, no blight on its breeze,
No mist from the mountains, no shadow from trees,
It steals, incense-loaded, that gale, from the west,
As bees from the Prairie-rose fly to the nest.

Oh fly to the Prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
The vine and the Prairy-rose cluster for thee ;
And hailing the moon in the Prairy-propt sky,
The Mocking-bird echoes the Katydids cry,
Oh ! there's nothing to cloy in the wilds of the west ;
Each day has its pleasures, each evening its rest,
Then fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
'Tis as green and as wild, and as wide as the sea.

MARY DRAPER.

Comic Song, from Charles O'Malley.

Don't talk to me of London dames,
Nor rave about your foreign flames,
That never lived except in drames,
Nor shone, except on paper;
I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
Who lived in Ballywhacmacrew,
And, let me tell you, mighty few
Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
Her foot was small and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
O the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you 'Rousseau's Dream,'
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down a bird,
O! she charmed all the Forty-third!
Did lovely Mary Draper.

And at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would one and all
For all her fav'rite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper;

Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
King's counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor,
For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face and shape, or
Her twinkling feet—but, ohone,
Its only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found—and now they're gone;
So here's to Mary Draper.

I GAZE ON THE IRIS.

BY MR. A. M'MACKIN.

The author of this pretty effusion, is one of the editors of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, the columns of which widely circulated periodical, are often enriched by the productions of his muse.

I gaze on the Iris, 'tis gone!
I catch at the zephyr, it flies!
E'en the sun hurries down from the blue burning zone,
And the moon sinks and wanes from the skies;
But thou to my bosom art true,
Dear friend of my heart and my choice,
In sickness or health thou canst rapture renew,
With thy smile and thy soul-thrilling voice.

I list to the song of the bird!
I joy at the sound of the rill,
Yet come but December, no warbler is heard,
And the hum of the streamlet is still,

But once let affection like thine,
In fervor and innocence cling,
No fortune the light can expel from its shrine,
Nor rude winter congeal its warm spring.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

F. S. KEY.

TUNE—"Anacreon in Heaven."

This fine patriotic song was written in celebration of the repulse of the British squadron which attacked Fort M'Henry near Baltimore during the last war.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-
ing!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream?
'Tis the star spangled Banner, O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion;
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our Trust!"
And the star spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

TO ELLEN.

DR. M'HENRY.

AIR—"My Lodging is on the cold ground."

Oh! trust not, dear maid, when the forward and bold,
Pour their flattering strains in thine ear;
For a warmth may be feigned by the selfish and cold,
Felt alone by the heart that's sincere.
The fervour of love is less powerfully shown
By the language of words than of sighs,
And the warmth of the heart is less certainly known
By what falls from the lips than the eyes.

I know there are those who have praised thee much more,
And more frequently knelt at thy shrine,
But oh ! there is not one whose heart can adore,
And love thee with fervour like mine !
To the eye of the wanderer the meteor shines bright,
Though treachery lurks in its glare ;
And the voice of the syren the ear may delight,
Though it only delights to ensnare.

LOVE AND WAR.

DR. M' HENRY.

A CANZONET.

AIR—" *By pert younkers I am told.*"

War and Love are strange compeers,—
War sheds blood and Love sheds tears ;
War has swords and Love has darts ;
War breaks heads and Love breaks hearts.

War's a robber, Love's a thief,
War brings ruin, Love brings grief ;
War's a giant, Love's a child ;
War runs mad and Love runs wild.

War subdues and Love beguiles,
War by force and Love by smiles ;
War in chains our bodies binds,
Love's the tyrant of our minds.

Ye who happy lives would lead,
Of this tyrant pair take heed ;
Learn their fatal paths to shun,
If ye would not be undone.

ADIEU, ADIEU, MY AIN SWEET
LAND.

J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.

Adieu, adieu, my ain sweet land
I hail thee frae the sea,
That bears me, Scotia, frae thy strand,
And tears my soul frae thee.
The hills may tow'r in brighter skies,
Where foams the Indian main,
And fairer flow'rs and forests rise
To grace a grander plain;

But, oh ! I'll vainly search below,
For all that glorious guise
That wisdom, valour, beauty throw
Across thy clouded skies,
The soul of genius lifts thy hills,
That a' the airth may see,
And wakes the meanest o' thy rills
To immortality.

Where'er while living I may be,
Dear land, when death is nigh,
I can't the hope to gaze on thee
To my lone heart deny.
Then fare thee weel, but no for aye,
Thou land o' soul and glee,
Romantic land, where'er I stray,
My heart will yearn for thee.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

The following remarks in relation to this interesting song, are copied from the "Flowers of Melody," an excellent collection of Scottish, English, Irish and American Songs, published several years ago by John Graham, of New York.

"It is to be regretted that for some of our very best songs we cannot procure the names of the authors. This song, although of the first class, is one of this description. There is a beautiful sweetness and simplicity in the composition as well as in the air, which renders it a great favorite. The custom alluded to in the lines :

He had but a'e sixpence, he brake it in twa,
An' he gi'ed me the half o't when he gaed awa :

is one of the many methods the peasantry of Scotland took to test their sincerity to one another in matters of love. If about to separate for any length of time, the lover took a piece of money and "brak it in twa," and gave the "half o't" to the object of his affections. The pieces were worn by each of them in their bosoms, suspended by a ribbon around the neck, till the consummation of their wishes were realized."

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They hae ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma' ;
They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flow'r o' them a' !
He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa,
For I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin, and siller forby ;
But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' a staff in his hand,
Before I'd tak' Sandy wi' his houses and land,
He said, think nae lang lassie, tho' I gang awa,
For I'll come and see ye in spite of them a'.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks soor,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor ;
Tho' I like them as well as a daughter should do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you :
He said, think nae lang lassie, tho' I gang awa,
For I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a'.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel ;
He had but a'e sixpence, he brake it in twa,
And he gi'ed me the half o't when he gaed awa :
But summer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

THE INGLE SIDE.

AINSLIE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze
Like a bonfire frae the sea ;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea ;
An' fair it is on green hill side,
When hums the hinny bee,
But rarer, fairer, finer far
Is the ingle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
And haughs hae a' the scented ware
That simmer's growth can gie :
But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warl' complete,
O, the ingle side for me !

THE TEARS I SHED.

MISS CRANSTON.

The fair authoress of this beautiful song, sometime after writing it, became the wife of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart, of Edinburgh. The first four lines of the last stanza were written by Burns, to render the stanza of sufficient length to suit the music.

The tears I shed must ever fall ;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb ;
To think that e'en in death he lov'd,
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
Of her who slighted love bewails,
No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy :
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thought to agony.
E'en conscious virtue cannot cure
The pang to every feeling due;
Ungen'rous youth, thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mein,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart!
Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

AIR—" *My guid Lord John.*"

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell thy blithesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted, howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the Western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

THE WITHERED ROSE-BUD.

BY J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.

Ah why does this rose-bud more beautiful seem—
Than when gracing the stem where it grew;
All wither'd and pale, of a flower but the dream?
'Tis because it was given by you.—

'Tis because the sweet flowret had linger'd awhile
On the bosom of beauty and youth,

Had borrow'd her lustre, had stolen her smile,
And came to me breathing her truth.

And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay,
And mournfully drooping its stem,
And tints from the rainbow are fading away,
'Twill still be of roses the gem.

Like its fragrance, still lingering, fond memory the while,
Will couple this blossom with thee,
And soothe by recalling the look and the smile
That came with the rose-bud to me.

THE BATTLE SONG.

BY MR. A. M' MACKIN.

Come, Soldiers, come, 'tis the rolling drum !
And is heard the picket shot,
Mount while you may—and with speed away
Where the battle rages hot.
Draw each trusty blade from its scabbard shade,
With vengeance charge the blow,
Till from hill and glen, merry brake and fen,
Is banish'd the craven foe !

Till from hill and glen &c.

Lo ! the rosy dawn,—o'er the verdant lawn,
Now pours out her radiant flood,
Yet the setting sun—e'er the fight be done,
Shall shine on our foeman's blood ;
Then poise the lance—to the charge advance
Let the purple torrent flow !
Till from hill and glen—merry brake and fen
Is banish'd the craven foe !

Till from hill and glen &c.

A SERENADE.

BY MR. A. M' MACKIN.

Come from thy rosy sleep,
For the moon is waning fast,
Fond vigils let us keep,
Till the watching hours are past.
Come love, come !

Come to the sparkling shore
The snowy sails are spread ;
Let zephyrs waft us o'er
The mermaids coral bed.
Come love, come !

Cynthia's beams are pure,
As the halo on thy brow,
And the nightingale doth lure
From the sweetly scented bough.
Come love, come !

Come to the pebbly strand
Where crystal grottos shine,
And wandering hand in hand,
I'll fondly call thee mine,
Come love, come &c.

BROTHERS POUR THE RUDDY WINE.

BY MR. A. M' MACKIN.

Brothers pour the ruddy wine,
Join the song and swell the chorus,
Gather we at day's decline
When the moon is beaming o'er us ;

While our maidens heap the sward,—
Olive ripe, and oily mangoe,—
Dancing o'er the mossy board,
Gallopade and gay fandango.
Dancing &c.

Brothers see, see the vesper star,
Brightest of the gems of even,
Shining o'er us from afar
In the deepening blue of Heaven,
While our maidens heap the board,—
Olive ripe and oily mango,—
Dancing o'er the merry sward
Gallopade and gay fandango.
Dancing &c.

THE PICQUETS.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

The picquets are fast retreating, boys ;
The last tattoo is beating, boys ;
So let every man
Finish his can,
And drink to our next merry meeting, boys !
Let every man &c.

The colonel, so gaily prancing, boys,
Has a wonderful trick of advancing, boys !
When he sings out so large,
Fix bay'nets and charge,
He sets all the enemy dancing boys !
When he sings out so large, &c.

Let Mounseer look e'er so big, my boys,
Who cares for fighting a fig, my boys;
 When we play Garryowen,
 He'd rather go home,
For somehow he's not fond of jigs, my boys!
 When we play Garryowen, &c.

WHY CAN'T YOU BE ASY.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

O, what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,
And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded;
Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
 When safely in Ireland I'm landed;
With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
 I'll drive the young girls half crazy;
And some 'cute one will cry, with the wink of her eye,
 'Mister Free, now—*why can't you be asy?*'

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
And destroy'd them all at Talavera;
And then I'll just add, how we finish'd the night,
 In learning to dance the bolero;
How by the moonshine, we drank raal wine,
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
Then some 'cute one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
 'Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy?*'

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
 Around a big fire in the air, too,
Or maybe enjoying ourselves in a tent,
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair, too;

How he'd call out to me—'Pass the wine Mr. Free,
For you're a man never is lazy !'
Then some 'cute one will cry, with the wink of her eye,
'Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy ?*

I'll tell of the long years in fighting we pass'd,
Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;
And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
Begg'd one Micky Free to succeed him.
'But, acushla,' says I, 'the truth is, I'm shy !
There's a lady in Ballymacrazy !
And I swore in the book that—' he gave me a look,
And cried, 'Mickey—*now can't you be asy ?*'

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

Shades of ev'ning, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile ;
Morn, alas ! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle :
Still my fancy can discover,
Sunny spot where friends may dwell.
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of beauty, fare thee well !

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon :
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell !
Absence makes the heart grow fonder :
Isle of beauty, fare thee well !

WHEN THE BATTLE IS O'ER.

BY HARRY LORREQUER.

When the battle is o'er, and the sound of fight
Have closed with the closing day,
How happy, around the watch-fire's light,
To chat the long hours away ;
To chat the long hours away, my boy,
And talk of days to come,
Or a better still, and a purer joy,
To think of our far off home.

How many a cheek will then grow pale,
That never felt a tear !
And many a stalwart heart will quail,
That never quail'd in fear !
The breast that like some mighty rock
Amid the foaming sea,
Bore high against the battle's shock,
Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,
Their hands together steal,
Each thinks of some long hallowed spot,
And all like brothers feel :
Such holy thoughts to all are given ;
The lowliest has his part ;
The love of home, like love of heaven,
Is woven in our heart.

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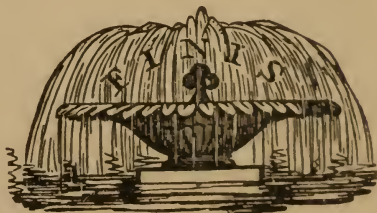
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